No. 135 June '70

MAD

IND ®

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sleazy riders

MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

NUMBER 135 JUNE 1970

MAD

"Blessed are the Censors, for they shall inhibit the Earth!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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THE MAD BOOK OF MAGIC AND OTHER DIRTY TRICKS Pg. 18

MORE UP-TO-DATE SAFETY SONGS Pg. 32

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DIRTY PICTURES!

Yep, these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, suitable for framing or wrapping fish, have been lying around our stock room for so long, they're getting dirty. So help us clean them up (and clean up on them!) Send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27 or $4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022

LETTERS DEPT.

ADDRESSEE KNOWN

Looks like the U.S. Post Office Dept. has gone "MAD." Dave Slater, of Richland, Wash., sent his subscription renewal in this envelope, and it got to us without a mark.—Ed.

TRUE FAT

My congratulations to Larry Siegel and Mort Drucker for their remarkable satire, "True Fat." I laughed so hard, I lost four pounds of my own true fat.

Andy Pawelek
Etobicoke, Ont., Can.

"True Fat" was a disgrace and an insult to one of the finest actors in the business. You should get on your hands and knees and beg this great American's forgiveness.

Mike Shefeik
San Diego, Cal.

Shame! Shame! Shame! Don't you know that John Wayne's new-found self-consciousness in "True Grit" has been acclaimed as "self-parody" . . . and that this, together with his long list of box office hits and his right-wing politics will make him the most popular winner in history of the "Best Personality—" Oops!—"Best Actor" award?

Arnold Cruse
Huntington Park, Cal.

Positively the GREATEST satire you've ever printed!

Lisa Schmidt
Beverly Hills, Cal.

I loved "True Grit," but I hated "True Fat"! Too bad you guys don't have "True Brains"!

Tina Stroud
New Carlisle, Ind.

"True Fat" was an exceptional piece—stuffed with "True Humor"!

Kim Hoover
Fayetteville, Pa.

"True Fat" was thin!

John Phillips, Jr.
Ormond Beach, Fla.

"True Fat" showed "True Wit"!

Marion Metcalf
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

VALENTINE COVER

In regard to your "Valentine To MAD Readers," here's one in return:

Roses are red;
Violets are blue;
We buy your junk
'Cause we're "Mad" like you!

Jeffrey E. Fireman
Highland Park, Ill.

Roses are red;
Mushrooms are white;
Your Valentine
Was clear out of sight!

Richard Wilson
Shamokin, Pa.

Roses are red;
Pickles are green;
Your form of humor's
The worst that we've seen!

John DiStefano
Whitehouse, N.J.

Violets are blue;
Roses are red;
We needed your poem
Like a hole in the head!

John B. Kormos
No Addess Given

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
We get our laughs
From clods like YOU!

Tim Thatcher
Farmingdale, L.I.

WHAT IS A BORN WINNER?

"Born Winner" is somebody who writes a letter to MAD, and it's published.

Tim Thatcher
Farmingdale, L.I.

A "Born Winner" is a publisher who gets away with selling garbage like MAD.

Byron Falk
Brooklyn, N.Y.

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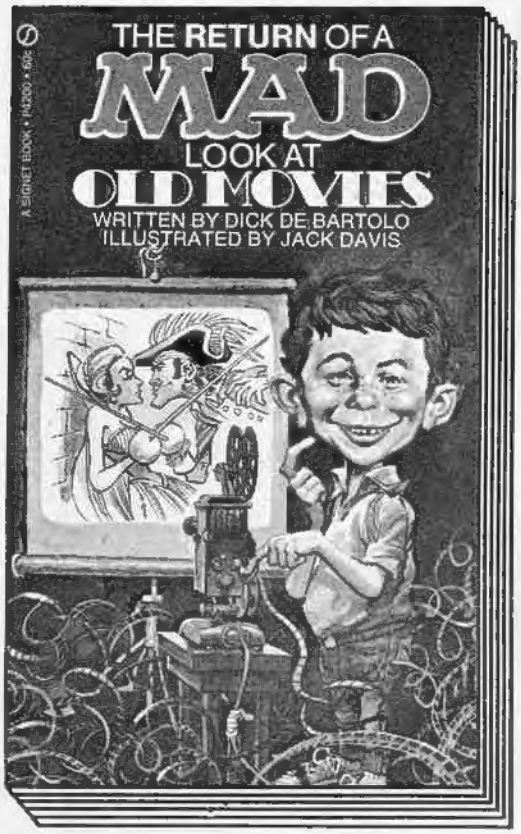
TRAVEL THE "HIGH WAY" WITH MAD'S LATEST

EASY READERS

A COLLECTION OF POT-SHOTS AT ESTABLISHMENT FLIM-FLAMS

A COLLECTION OF SHOT-PLOTS OF ESTABLISHMENT FILM-FLOPS



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- ☐ Fighting **MAD**
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- ☐ **MAD** in Orbit
- ☐ The Voodoo **MAD**
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- ☐ World, World, etc. **MAD**
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- ☐ "Viva **MAD**"!
- ☐ **MAD** for Better or Verse
- ☐ The **MAD** Book of Magic

I ENCLOSE 60c FOR EACH
(Minimum Order: 2 Books)

There's a "now" movie around—about two "now" guys who ride on "now" wheels . . .

. . . and smoke "now" grass, and pop "now" pills and talk "now" talk . . .

. . . while some "now" performers play and sing "now" music in the background.

What are these two "now" guys looking for in this movie? Well, according to the newspaper ads, they're looking for "America", but they can't find it anywhere! And what are we "MAD" guys looking for in this movie? We're looking for a "plot", but we can't find *that* anywhere! You'll see what we mean as we bring you our "MAD" version of . . .

We gotta keep **movin'**, Man!

Where we **goin'**, Man?

I mean, like, **you know**, Man! We been **here** long enough, so we gotta go **there!** And then—when we get to **that there**, we gotta move to **another there!**

Because the **first there** is gonna be **here** when we get **there!** And when a **here** becomes a **there**, it's time to look for **another there** . . . only **not here!** And **that's** where we're goin'!

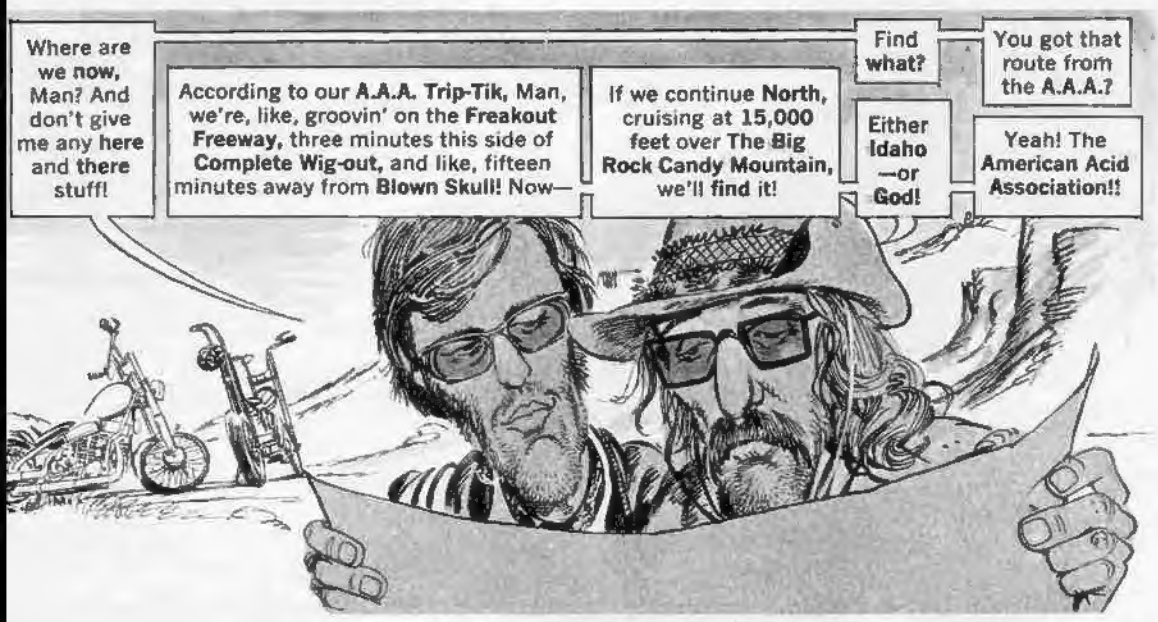
Whew! For a minute, I thought we were **lost!**

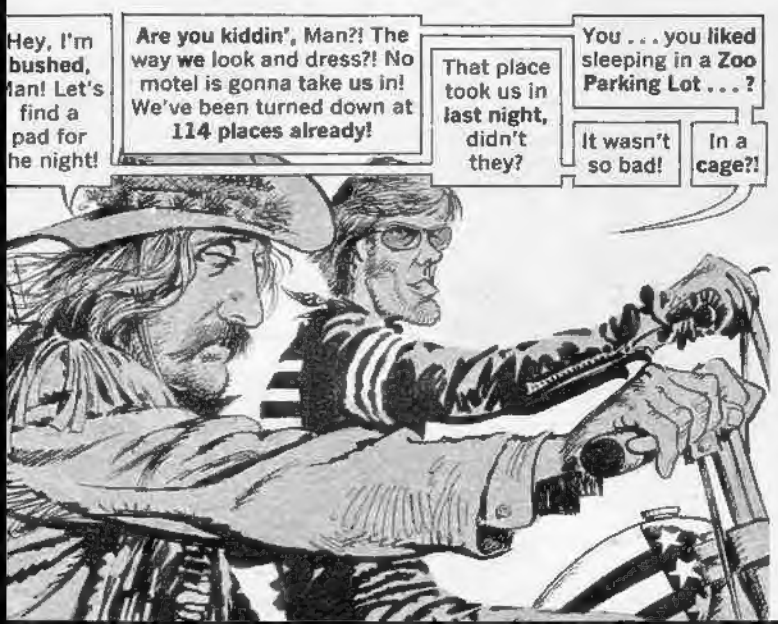
Ridin' wild,
Ridin' free,
Wa-wa!
Lookin' for America,
Where can it be?
Twang-twang!

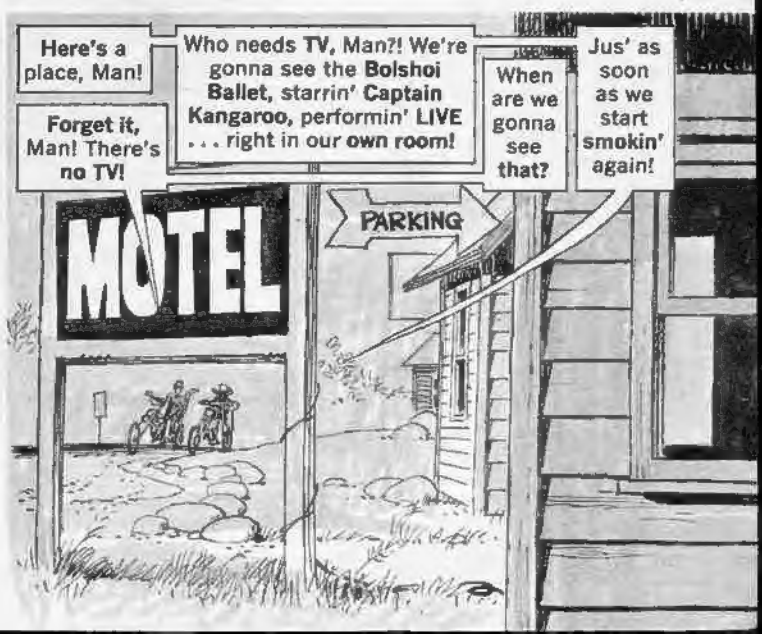
Searched in the valleys
And under the rocks,
Wa-wa-wa!
It ain't in the mountains
And it ain't in my socks!
Twang-twang-twang!

sleazy riders

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL







ALL CREDIT CARDS HONORED
EVERYONE WELCOME

We're glad that you welcome us here, Man!

Who you talkin' to? Who you callin' "Man"?

That electric sign! I call EVERYTHING "Man"!

EXCEPT CHILDREN, PETS, NEGROES, JEWS, POLACKS AND STUTTERERS

That's okay, Man! We got no children or pets! We ain't Negroes, Jews or Polacks! And we don't stutter!

OKAY, THEN, WE'LL GET DOWN TO THE REAL NITTY GRITTY. WE DON'T TAKE IN DIRTY, SMELLY, LONG-HAIRED HIPPIES WHO RIDE ON CRAZY BIKES AND CAUSE TROUBLE!!

Look, Man, we got the bread! You gotta take us in if you got a vacancy!

SAYS WHO?!

Says me!!

OKAY, IT'LL COST YOU $100 A NIGHT! WE GOT A HIGH OVERHEAD!

High overhead?! How high could your overhead be that you gotta charge a hundred bucks a night!?

ARE YOU KIDDING?! YOU SHOULD SEE OUR ELECTRIC BILLS!!

No one wants me, I'm all alone! Wa-Wa! My head is free, My mind is blown! *Twang-twang!*

Pills runnin' out, And so's my grass! Wa-wa-wa! Gonna stop my wheels And drink the gas! *Twang-twang-twang!*

We been turned down by 160 more motels, 14 inns, and a condemned roomin' house!

Yeah, but that last turndown REALLY hurt, Man!

I always thought the Salvation Army takes in anything!

Looks like we sleep in the forest again!

Hey, Man! Pack up! We can't stay! They're complainin' that we're smellin' up the forest!

Who's complainin'?!

The skunks!!

Well, Man, I guess we found America, right? America is someone that won't give you a pad for the night, right?
No, Man! That ain't America! We gotta keep lookin'!
Hey, guys! How about a ride?
Are you kiddin', Man? We don't pick up weirdos!
SYDSSEF

HIM we pick up!!
NIRVANA

This here is, like, a "commune"! We all sort of live together here and share everything! It's kinda way out, but we all dig it!
The minute I turn my back, you're makin' love to some other @#$%¢!! tramp!
You just better watch what you say about my wife!
HIS wife?! I thought she was MY wife!!
My father can lick your father!
Your father IS my father!
Well, then my mother can lick your mother!
Oh, yeah?! Who IS your mother?
I dunno! Who's yours?
Man, are you sure this is a "commune"?! It sounds more like Beverly Hills!
WHO'S A PIG?

What are they doin', Man?
Plantin', Man!
How's it comin'?
It's a bad scene, Man! All that comes up is vegetables! No weeds!! We're gettin' tired of smokin' spinach!!

Hey, this sure is a swingin' place, Man! C'mon! We're goin' bathin'!
Are you crazy, Man? We just bathed last September!
Well, we're goin' again, Man! C'mon!
But I'll get a cramp if I go bathin' right after a meal!
Right after what meal?!
My last Thanksgiving Day dinner!!
LAKE

Ain't it groovy . . . bathin' nude with girls?

Yeah? How about men?

Then who do you usually bathe with?

Well, at least that's a start!!

Girls don't do nothin' for me!

I don't dig men, either!

Herman, my rubber duck!

Let's go, Man! We're splittin'!

But didn't we just find America, Man? Ain't America people livin' together, an' sharin' homes together, an' sharin' kids together, and sharin' backyards, and wives together?

That ain't America, Man! That's Levittown!!

Ridin' through the rivers of my bubblin' memories,
By the legendary rivers of the white cascading waters,
In the Blue Pacific Oceans of my dreams! Wa-wa! *Twang!*

I don't know about, you, Man, but that background music's makin' me nauseous!

You hear that last song? You could be gettin' SEASICK!

Sick, sick, I'm gettin sick!
Sick of all them promises an'
Sick of all them lies! *Twang!*
Sick of folks with graveyards
Written in their eyes! *Thump!*

Man, will you tell that musical group to shut up! Why do they hafto echo everythin' we say an' do in song?

Cool it, Man an' let's pull over to the side! I feel Nature callin'!

The pause that refreshes,
Wa-wa-wa-wa!
It far from depresses!
Twang-twang-twang-twang!
It's natural and true!
Thump, thump, thump, thump!
It's me an' it's you! Wa-wa!

Man. That's too much! I mean, like, I've HAD it! Man, I've really HAD it!!

Okay, group! THAT'S IT!! You're through! Finished! Pack up your music an' your twangin' guitars an' your acid an' your needles an' GET OUT!! You're bein' replaced!!

Be-e-lieve me if all those endearing young charms, which I gaze on so fondly today . . .

I don't know abo YOU, Man—but sorta miss the OLD group!!

Okay, wise guys! Le's go! Ah'm arrestin' you on three charges!

Three charges!? I don' dig, Man! Like, all we're doin' is ridin' an' lookin' an' talkin' and breathin'!

Hey, Ah forgot "breathin' "! Tha's FOUR CHARGES!!

POLICE

Man, this is some town! They arrest us, they frisk us, they fingerprint us, an' they throw us in here for 14 years, all because we was ridin' an' lookin' an' talkin' an' breathin'!

Cool it, Man! Things could be a lot worse!!

Yeah? Like HOW??

We could be NEGROES!!

Hah thayre, boys! A'm Judd!

What are YOU in for, Man?

Drunkenness, an' chronic idiocy!

Idiocy is a CRIME in this town?!

No, iss a way of life! Ah jus' happen to be better at it than mos' folks!

What a place! I'm gonna protest! Where's the Mayor of this town?

Speakin'!!

Well, thanks for springin' us, Judd! We gotta get movin' again! Hey, Man! You wanna ride with us?

Gee, fellers, Ah shor would love t' see the country an' everthang, but Ah gotta report t' mah new Job in Los Angeles tomorrah!

With all due respect, Man, who would be foolish enough to hire a small-town moron like you who talks like he's got potatoes in his mouth an' rocks in his head?

C.B.S.! They're buildin' a whole new TV series aroun' me!

POLICE

Well, Man, I guess we finally found America, right? America is a small town that don't like strangers, right?

No, Man! That ain't the REAL America! We gotta keep on lookin'!

The real America,
Where can it be?
Wa-wa-wa!
I wanna find it
For you an' for me!
Twang-twang-twang!

Does it exist or
Is it just a sham?
Thump, thump, thump!
What is it doing
In far off Vietnam?
Growl, growl, growl!

Sounds like the old group is back with us again!

Or the new group has been listenin' to Joan Baez!

Hey, look at that character in the far-out Mod clothes! Man, they even match my bike!

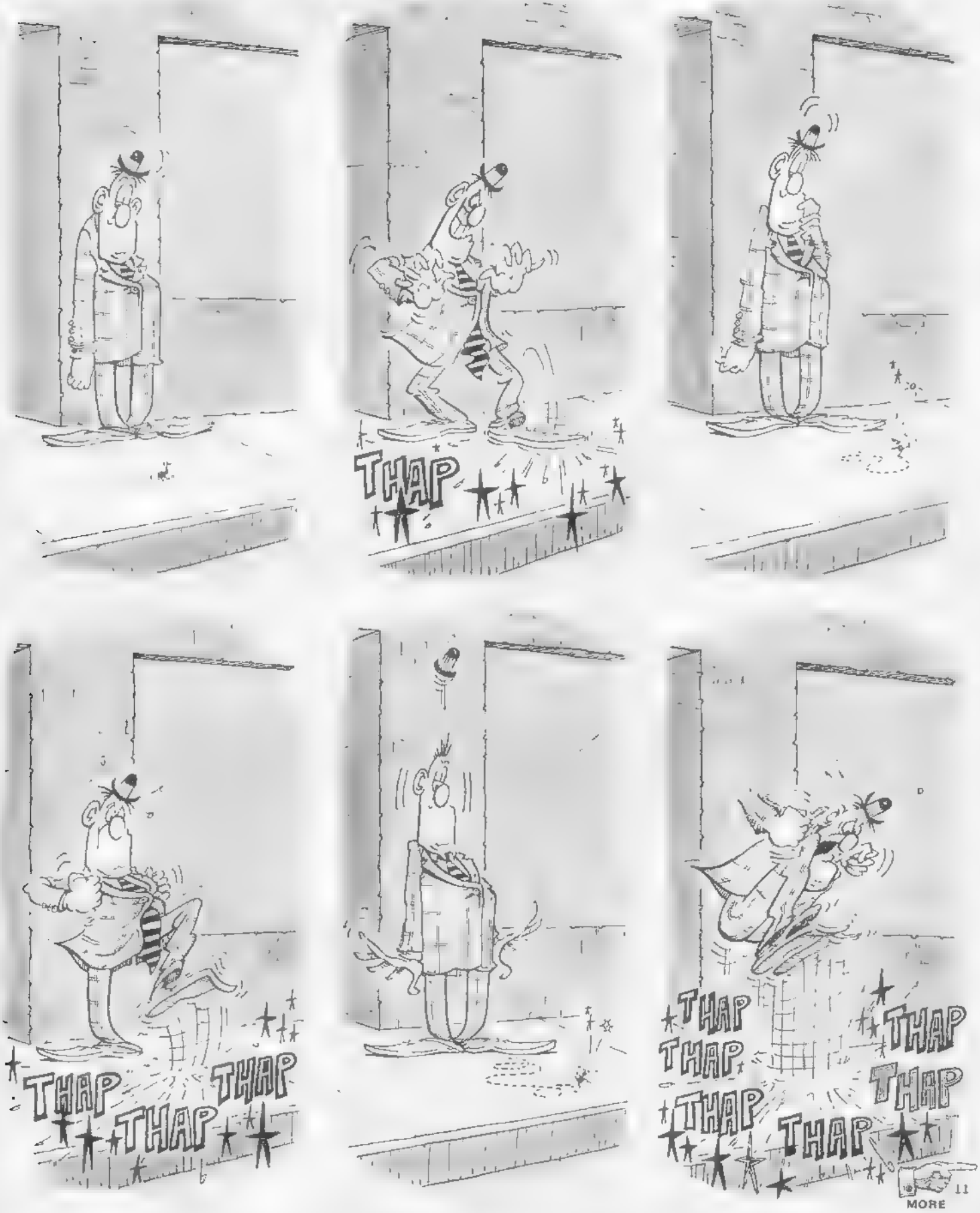
An' dig that sign he's holdin'! HE'S goin' where WE'RE goin'! What luck!!

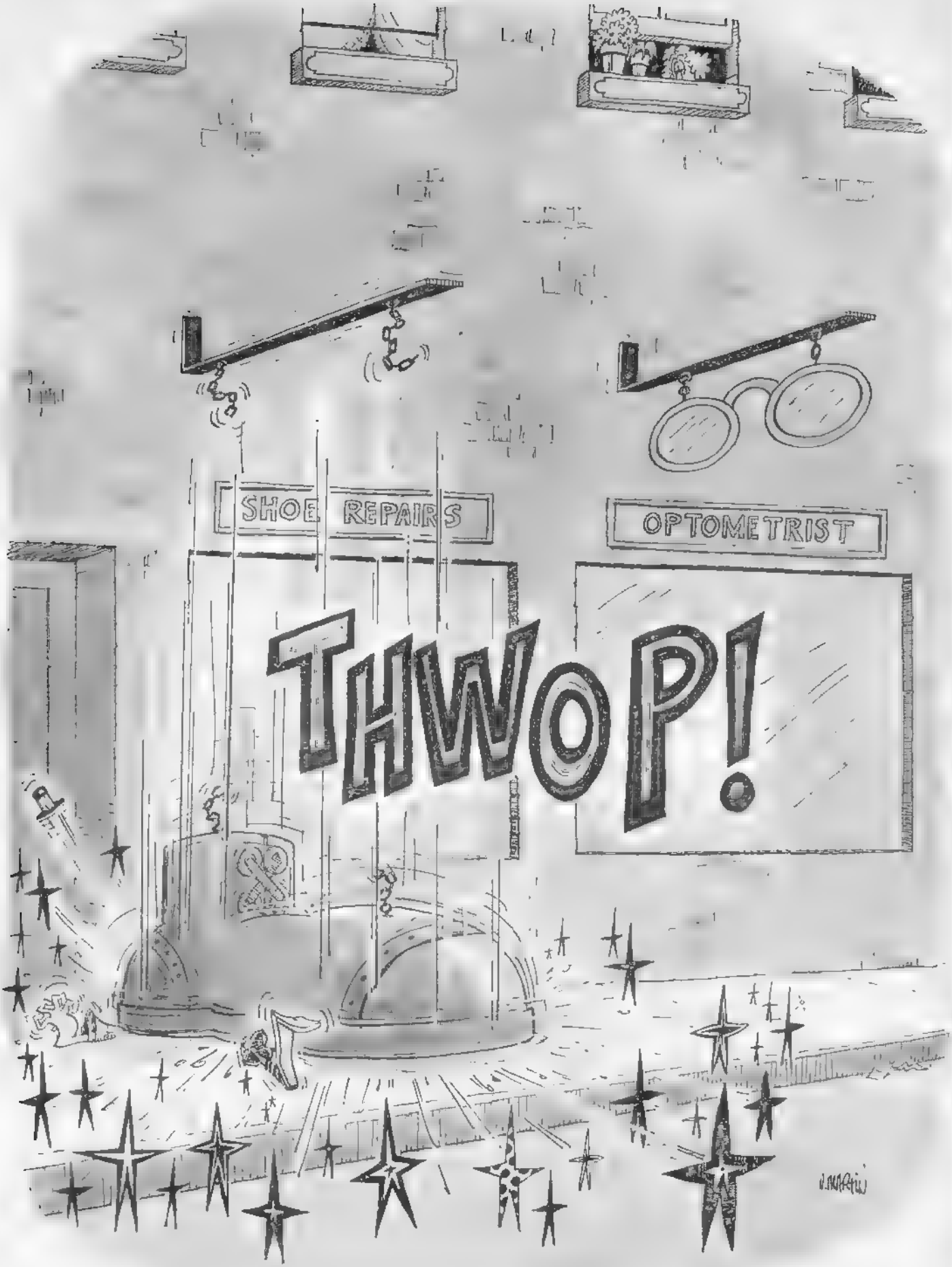
THE REAL AMERICA

So you boys have been searching for the REAL America...
Well, I'll be glad to show it to you! I always like to take a look at it now and then ..
All you have to do is make a turn to the extreme right up ahead...
Hey, lookit what's comin'! Three strange creeps on motorcycles!
The young ones are bad enough! But take a look at the old guy with the wild clothes, the long hair and the beard!!
Let's get the dirty Commies!
See, boys!! THAT'S the REAL AMERICA! They...they don't even recognize ME!!

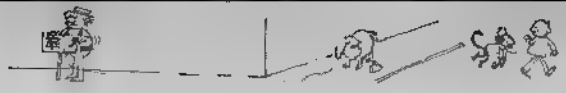
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE DAY DOWNTOWN




SHOE REPAIRS
OPTOMETRIST
THWOP!

THE "FAMILIAR" FORM DEPT.



Well, it's Income Tax time again, friends! And this year, the Infernal Revenue Ser— er, the In*ter*nal Revenue Service has come up with a "new, easier-than-ever-to-fill-out Tax Form." By April 15th, almost everyone in America will be using the new Form 1040 Income Tax Return . . . simply adding Schedule A, B, C, D, E, F, G, SE, R, or TV . . . plus, of course, when circumstances require it, Forms 2440, 3903, 2106 and 2950SE for making adjustments . . . and also, where applicable, Forms 1310, 2126, 2210, 2441, 4136 and 4137. So when you get right down to it, the "new, easier-than-ever-to-fill-out Form 1040 Income Tax Return" doesn't sound all that simple to us! If the Infer— In*ter*nal Revenue Service wants a *really simple* Tax Form, and the Government is indeed *of* the people, *by* the people and *for* the people, why not make a Tax Form that's *like* the people? Something along the lines of this MAD suggestion for a simple, little

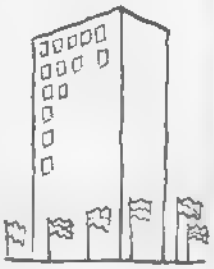
U.S. FOLKSY INCOME TAX RETURN 1969

January 2, 1970

Dear Tax-Payer,

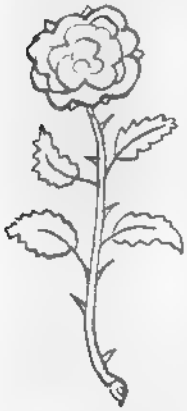
THE BOSS'S HOUSE— IT COSTS A LOT TO KEEP IT WHITE!

Hi, there! Once again, your old Uncle Sam is writing to one of his favorite people,_____, who lives at_____ _____.



THE U.N. BUILDING— IT COSTS A LOT TO WASH ALL THOSE WINDOWS!

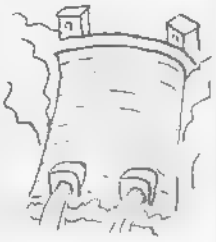
I certainly hope this letter finds you well and happy. Are you still single?____. You mean, you got married?____My belated congratulations! How about children? How many do you have?_____. That's great! And what are their names? _____, ____, _____, _____.



ROSE FROM THE WHITE HOUSE GARDEN— THEY COST A LOT TO GROW!

Well, how was work this year? No kidding, you made $_____!? That's wonderful! And how much did those nice folks in the Bookkeeping Department withhold each week? _____! Gee, how did you manage with what was left? Oh, you mean you had additional income of $_____from bank interest, and/or stocks and bonds, and/or other miscellaneous sources? Golly . . . busy, busy, busy!

Hey, *you* know Uncle Sam's terrible memory. What *is* your Social Security Number again? _____. Oh, yeah, that's it!



A NEW DAM— IT COSTS A LOT TO BUILD ONE OF THESE THINGS!

Listen, did you have a lot of expenses this year? Do you prefer that I just assume they were equal to say, oh, 10% of your salary, which comes to $_____? Or do you feel like telling your old Uncle *all about* them? In that case, how have you been feeling this past year? Oh, really? That's a shame! You spent *how much* on doctor bills $_____? Boy, he must have his office on Park Avenue! That's a lot of money! And *how much* on medicines and drugs $_____? Don't they have a "Discount Drug Store" in your neighborhood? I certainly hope you feel better in 1970.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT— IT COSTS A LOT TO KEEP IT CLEAN!

Well, we all know that "Charity begins at home!", but how much money did you contribute to *real* charities this past year?_____. To who? (Or is it to *whom?*) _____, _____, _____, _____,

A NEW CARRIER — IT COSTS A LOT TO LAUNCH ONE OF THESE BABIES!

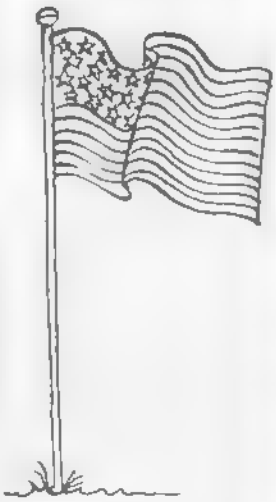
_____, _____, _____,
_____, _____, _____.

You certainly are a kind soul! That's a lot of charity! You wouldn't *lie* to your old Uncle Sammy, would you?

Let's see . . . what other deductions did you have?_____
_____
_____.

AN H-BOMB— IT COSTS A LOT TO KEEP A STOCKPILE OF THESE MONSTERS!

Well, now it's time to play our little "Income Tax Game." This is the most exciting part of my letter. Write down your total income here $_____, and subtract your total deductions of $_____, plus $600 for each of your exemptions. (Uncle Sammy may change his figures slightly, so check your newspapers!) This is the figure you must pay tax on. Look up how much that tax is on the specially prepared "*Secret Agent Tax De-Coder Table*" that I've enclosed. Now check that amount against the amount your friends in the Bookkeeping Department withheld. Did you pay enough tax? I sure hope not! I certainly could use the additional $_____you owe me, just as soon as you can spare it, but absolutely no later than April 15th, 1970!



OUR FLAG— IT COSTS A LOT TO KEEP IT FLYING ALL OVER THE WORLD!

Things on this end have been pretty bad, lately. I've been trying to save money, but as you well know, everything costs so much more these days. That's why I'll just have to ask you for an *extra 10%!* I hope this is the last time I have to do this. It's difficult running a country efficiently. You just can't get good help!

What's that you say? You've paid *too much* tax?! Are you sure? Check your figures. You mean you want poor old Uncle Sammy, in his terrible condition, to send you back $ _____? Well, okay, if you insist. As soon as I get around to it.

ONE OF OUR BOYS— IT COSTS A LOT TO DEFEND OURSELVES!

Naturally, I know that you are very, very busy these days, which is why I wrote this letter in such a way that you can simply fill in the blanks and mail it back. Because if you're like me, getting around to writing a long letter to a relative is a chore.

Just one more thing: All your answers were honest, weren't they? Cross your heart and hope to die?____. Okay, because your Uncle Sam has a lot of pals at the Treasury Department! Also, the F.B.I.! Just sign your name after this statement:

"I did not lie, Uncle Sam!_____"
sign name here

ME! I COST A LOT!

Goodbye for now, and take care of yourself. Have a good year, and you'll be hearing from me again early in 1971.

Sincerely yours,

Uncle Sam

Uncle Sam

FEMI-NEIN! DEPT.

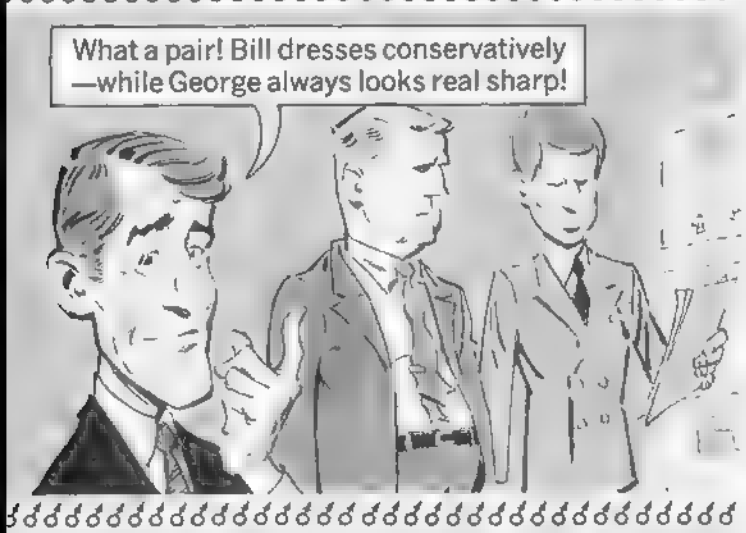
Although women have it pretty good these days, what with ruling the roost and alimony laws, there is still a "Double Standard" that is unfair to the fair sex. Everything a woman does is judged more harshly than when a man does the same thing. To appreciate this fact, you have to take a look at

BLIFE FROM THE BROADSIDE!

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: SIDNEY PAULSON

He's a take-charge guy!

She's a domineering old bag!


What a pair! Bill dresses conservatively —while George always looks real sharp!

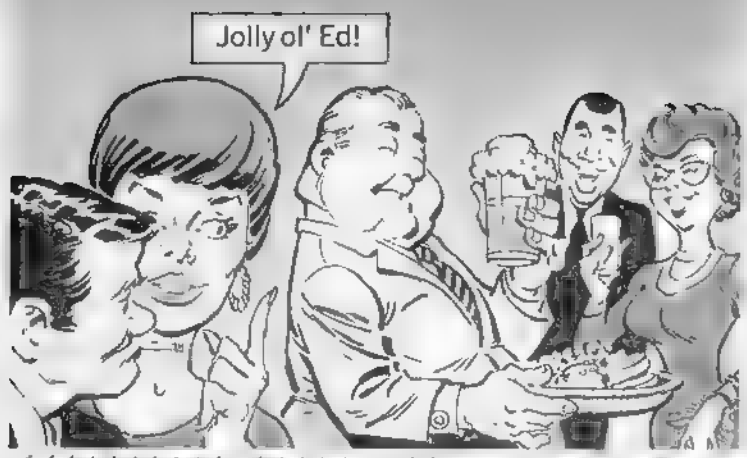
What a pair! Barbara always dresses dowdy —while Alice never fails to look cheap!

He's a gay bachelor!

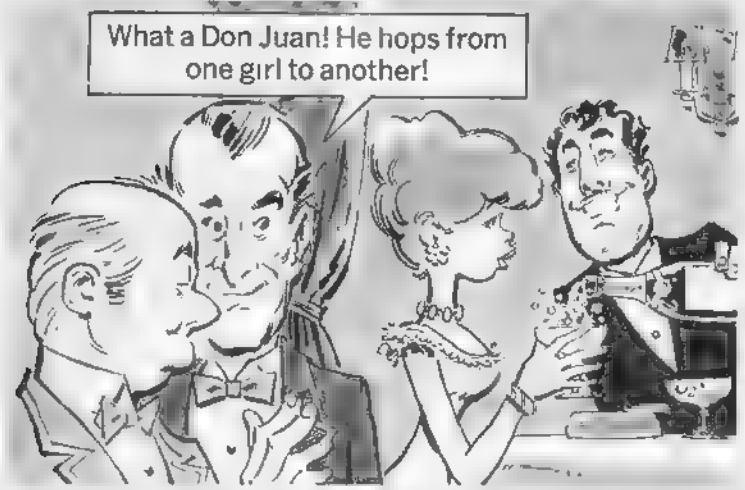
She's an old maid!

He's always quick with a good-natured gag!

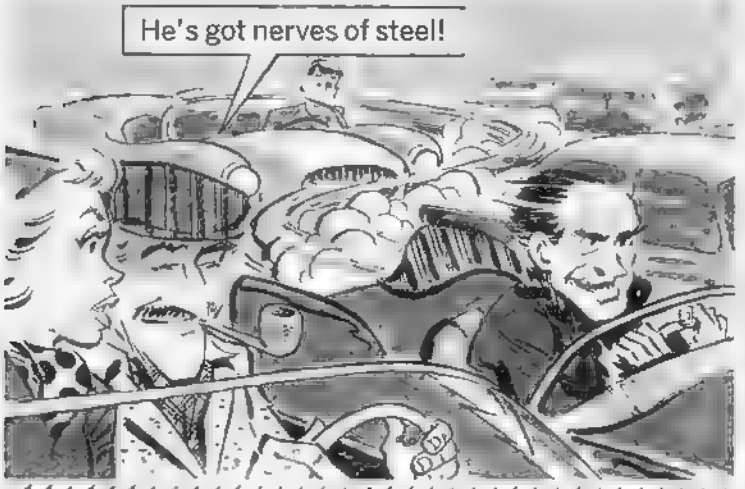
She's such a spiteful, malicious cat!


Jolly ol' Ed!

Fat ol' Fanny!


What a Don Juan! He hops from one girl to another!

What a tramp! She goes with anything in pants!


He's got nerves of steel!

Crazy woman driver!

He's sort of rugged looking!
NOW PLAYING

BIG
DANCE
Bleccch! She's so ugly!

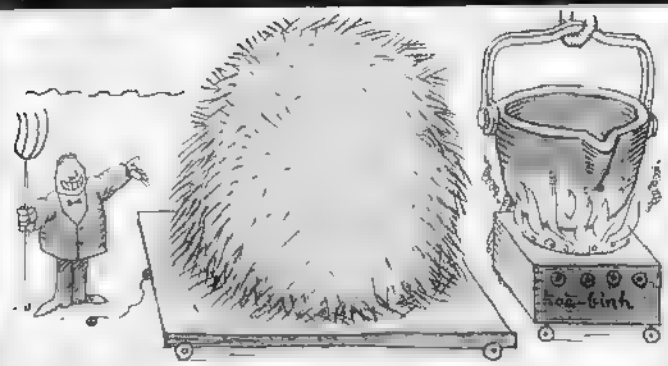
HOKEY-POCUS DEPT.

Al Jaffee, the inventive genius-artist who produces those fabulous "Fold-Ins" for each issue of MAD, has written a very funny new book. Unfortunately, it doesn't *sound* like a very funny new book, so nobody's *buying* it! In order to stimulate sales, we'd like to

THE MAD BO & OTHER D

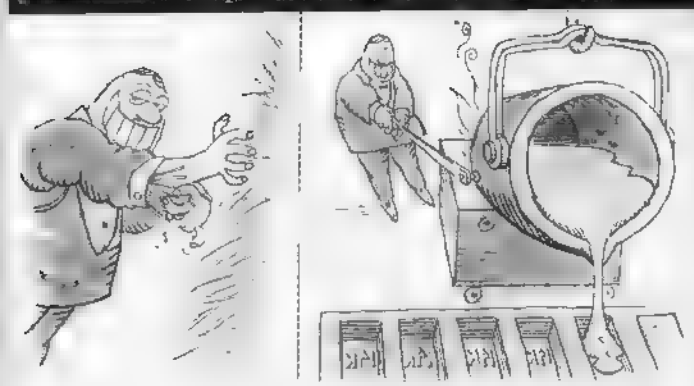
ARTIST & WRITER:

THE GLITTERING "100 LBS. OF GOLD FROM A PILE OF STRAW" TRICK



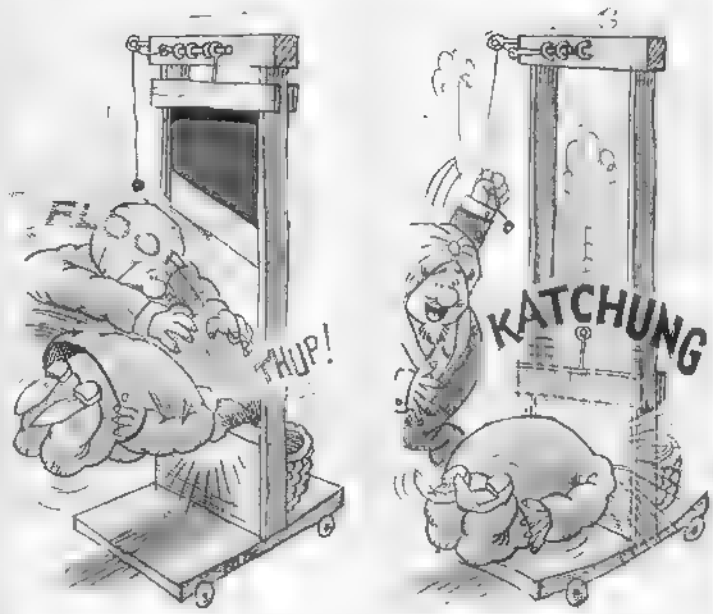
For thousands of years, Man has dreamt of turning straw into gold. So you can imagine an audience's surprise when you announce that this is exactly what you intend to do! Then you wheel a huge pile of straw on stage, grab a handful, and pass it among the onlookers. They, of course, are convinced that the straw is indeed straw. At this point, you take a pitchfork and begin to pile the straw into an intensely-heated cauldron. As the straw "cooks", you make all kinds of weird incantations. Then, at the right moment, you dash to the cauldron and, right before your audience's dazzled eyes, proceed to pour out 100 pounds of molten gold. (To really put a clincher on this trick, it may be effective to have available a certified and impartial assayer to testify to the gold's purity.)

HOW THE TRICK IS DONE



This is another example of the importance of sleight of hand to the magician. The whole trick hinges on how you pass the handful of straw among the onlookers. This is where sleight of hand comes in. This "real straw" must be brought from your sleeve, since all the straw in the pile is "phony straw". It is actually 100 lbs. of fine pure gold wire, which merely melts down when it is pitched into the intensely-heated cauldron. Could anything be simpler?

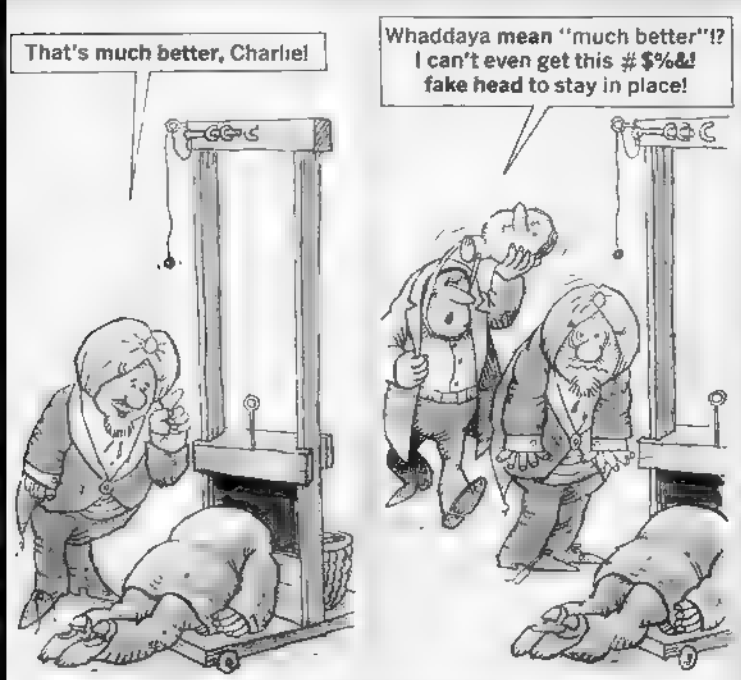
THE GREAT BUMBLEONI



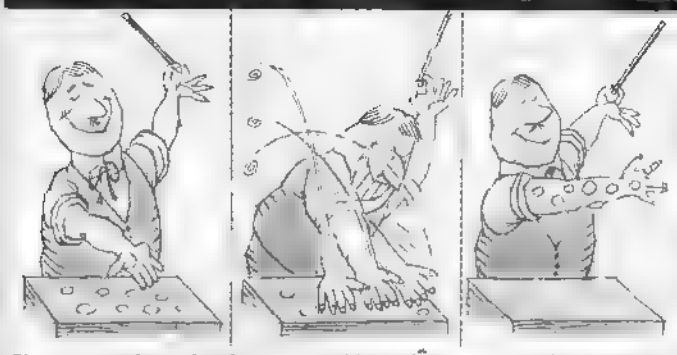
show you what this very funny book is all about. So here are some examples. Rest assured that this stuff was written especially for this article, and will not be found in the book. The stuff in the book is much funnier. If you don't believe us, pick up a copy of . . .

OK OF MAGIC
IRTY TRICKS

AL JAFFEE

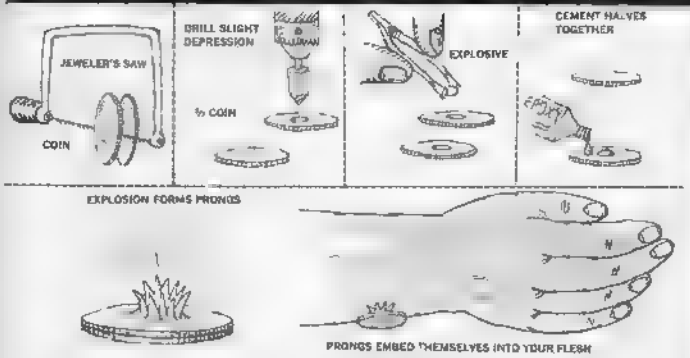


THE ASTONISHING "MAGNETIC COINS" TRICK



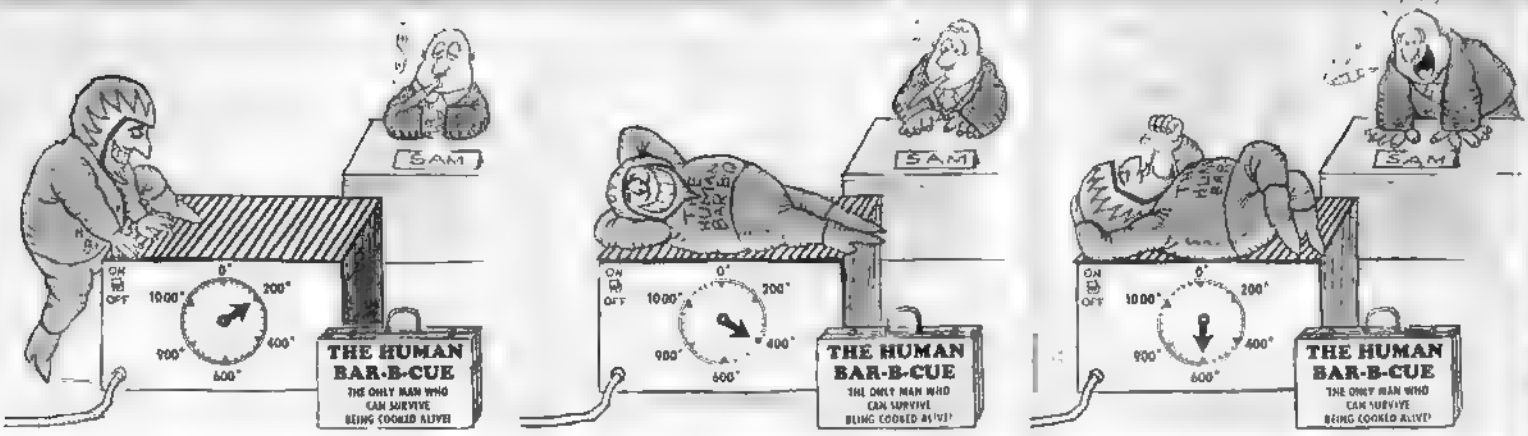
Place a number of coins on a table and tell your audience that by merely waving your magic wand, you will invest them with strange, magnetic properties. Then, rolling up your sleeves as if preparing for some hard work, start waving your wand while shouting, **"Hocus Pocus, Jimminy Ocus! Coins Become Magnetic!"** and suddenly begin to slap at the coins violently with palms, wrists, arms, elbows, and any other exposed part of your body. To everyone's amazement, the coins will magically stick to you as if completely magnetized.

HOW THE TRICK IS DONE

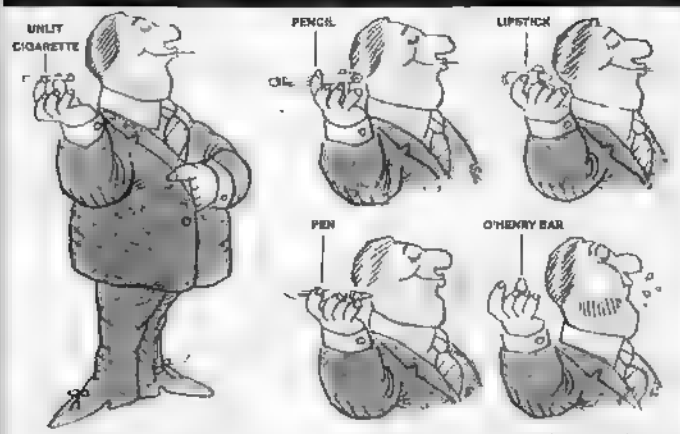


Naturally, this trick would be impossible without special preparation. In this case, it is the coins. Although they appear to be quite normal, they are in fact very clever and complicated little mechanisms. They are constructed by sawing ordinary coins in half and placing tiny explosives inside. Then the two halves are joined again with epoxy. A sharp blow is all that is required to set off the explosive. Thus, when you slap the coins, the explosions occur—and ragged, jagged metal prongs are formed which penetrate the flesh, jamming the coins against it and giving the effect and appearance of "magnetization". (Incidentally, there is no need to worry about any telltale flowing of blood. The jamming effect of the prongs seals the blood in. It is only later . . . when you are safely backstage and you rip the coins out of your flesh that you must be prepared with tourniquets, bandages, iodine, plasma, etc.)

SAM THE AGENT IN "THE HOTTEST TRICK IN TOWN"

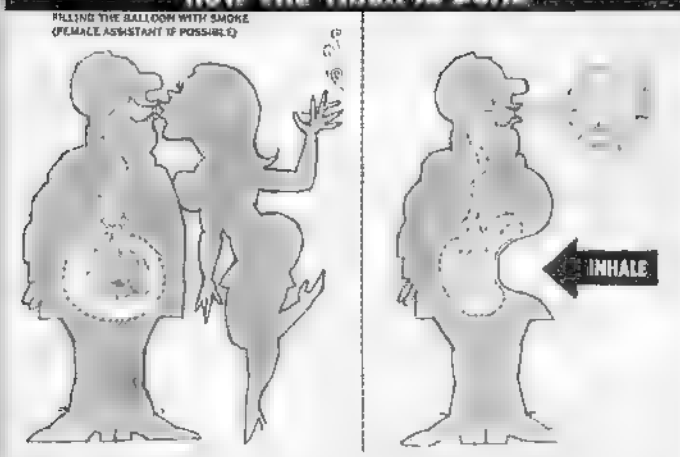


THE PERPLEXING "ETERNAL UNLIT CIGARETTE" TRICK



You announce to the audience that you have developed a magic way to eliminate the cost of smoking. You do it, you say, simply by drawing smoke from an "unlit" cigarette. Naturally, everyone will laugh, whereupon you take a cigarette from anyone in the audience and proceed to inhale and exhale smoke from it without lighting it. (For an added touch of humor, you can also do this with a pencil, your magic wand, a lipstick, a ball-point pen or an O'Henry bar.)

HOW THE TRICK IS DONE

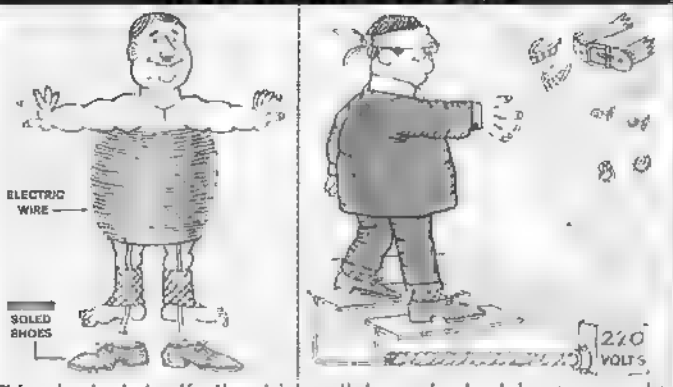


Before the show, you swallow a balloon with a long tube attached. Just prior to your performance, have someone fill the balloon in your stomach with smoke by blowing it into your mouth. Bite down on the tube to keep the smoke from escaping while you are talking. To explain the clenched teeth, tell your audience you're doing an imitation of "Kirk Douglas". Then, all you need to do to produce a puff of smoke is suck in your belly, which squeezes the balloon.

THE "FINDING A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK" TRICK

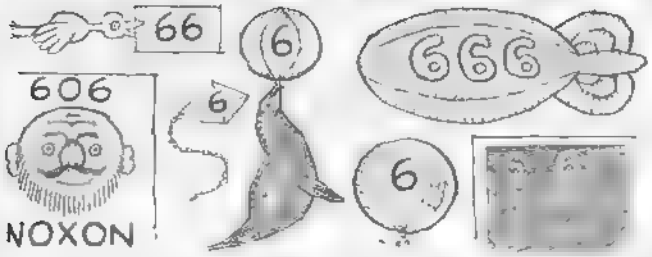
You appear on stage with a huge haystack. Requesting a volunteer from the audience, you ask him to blindfold you. Then, taking an ordinary needle from your lapel, you have him hide it anywhere he likes in the haystack. You then announce to your audience that you intend to recover the needle in exactly two seconds. To the utter consternation of all, you plunge your hand into the haystack, and quickly remove the needdle, holding it aloft to deafening applause.

HOW THE TRICK IS DONE



This simple but effective trick will be understood by anyone who had basic high school science. Before going on stage, merely wrap your entire body with electric wire, run the two ends down each leg, under false sock-tops, and into shoes especially fitted with copper soles. Thus, when you walk to the haystack and step on the two metal plates embedded in the stage, the 220 volts of electricity they carry will flow through your body, making you one large electro-magnet which easily attracts the needle in the haystack. (A word of caution: There is obviously an element of danger here, so you must take care to note what other metal items are in the vicinity. The trick will be spoiled if you step too close to a volunteer wearing steel cuff links, belt buckles or teeth braces.)

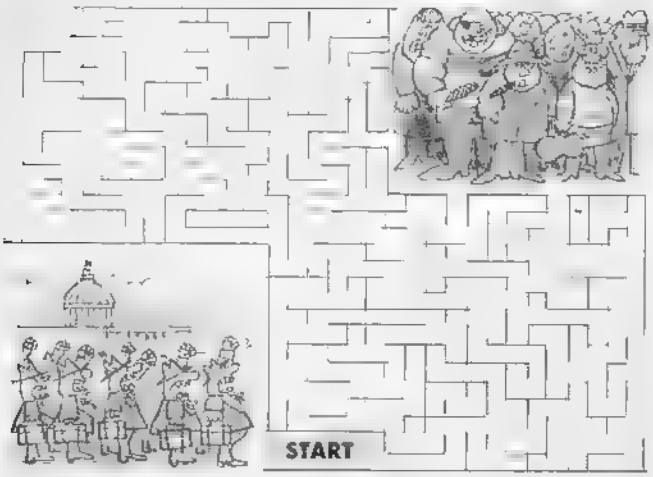
HOW MANY SIXES CAN YOU FIND IN THIS PICTURE?



ANSWER: If your answer is 16, you are wrong! There are no sixes in this picture—only nines! The picture was printed upside-down!

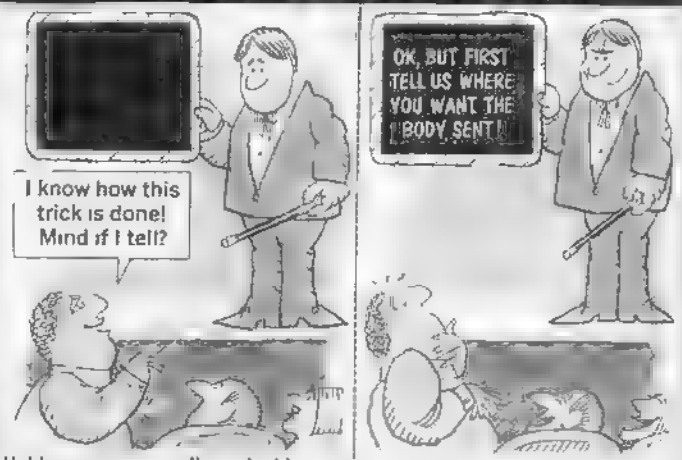
HELP RESTORE LAW AND ORDER

Legislators everywhere are upset by the breakdown in Law Enforcement. Can you help in the fight against these awful crooks? Remember, it will take a lot of zeal, perseverance and intelligence to outwit these nasty rascals. So get to it. There's no time to lose.



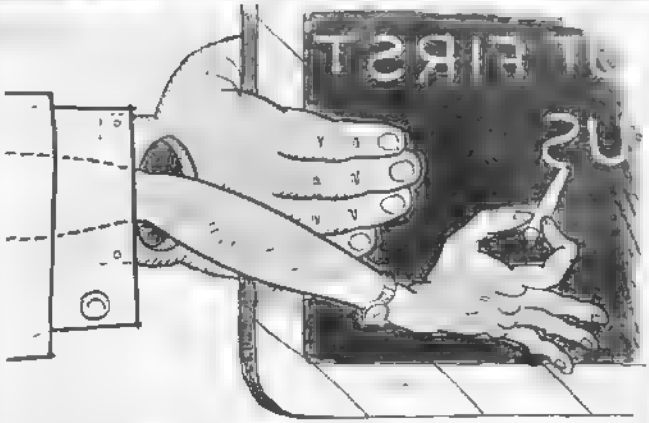
ANSWER. If you went into the maze, you certainly showed zeal and perseverance . . . but no intelligence! The rascals and crooks are right there in the starting box! That's right . . . the Legislators themselves! Who else passes laws in favor of businesses that they own shares in? Who else votes themselves raises while ranting about inflation? Who else puts relatives in high-paid non-existent jobs while screaming about Welfare costs? Yep, if you'd've nabbed those Politicians, you'd've done plenty for Law and Order right there!

THE MYSTIFYING "MAGIC MESSAGE" TRICK



Holding up an ordinary-looking slate blackboard, you announce to your audience that it is a "Magic Blackboard" and that if you ask it a question, an answer will mysteriously appear. Then you ask for a volunteer, and when he poses a question to the "Magic Blackboard", an answer does indeed mysteriously appear on it in chalk.

HOW THE TRICK IS DONE

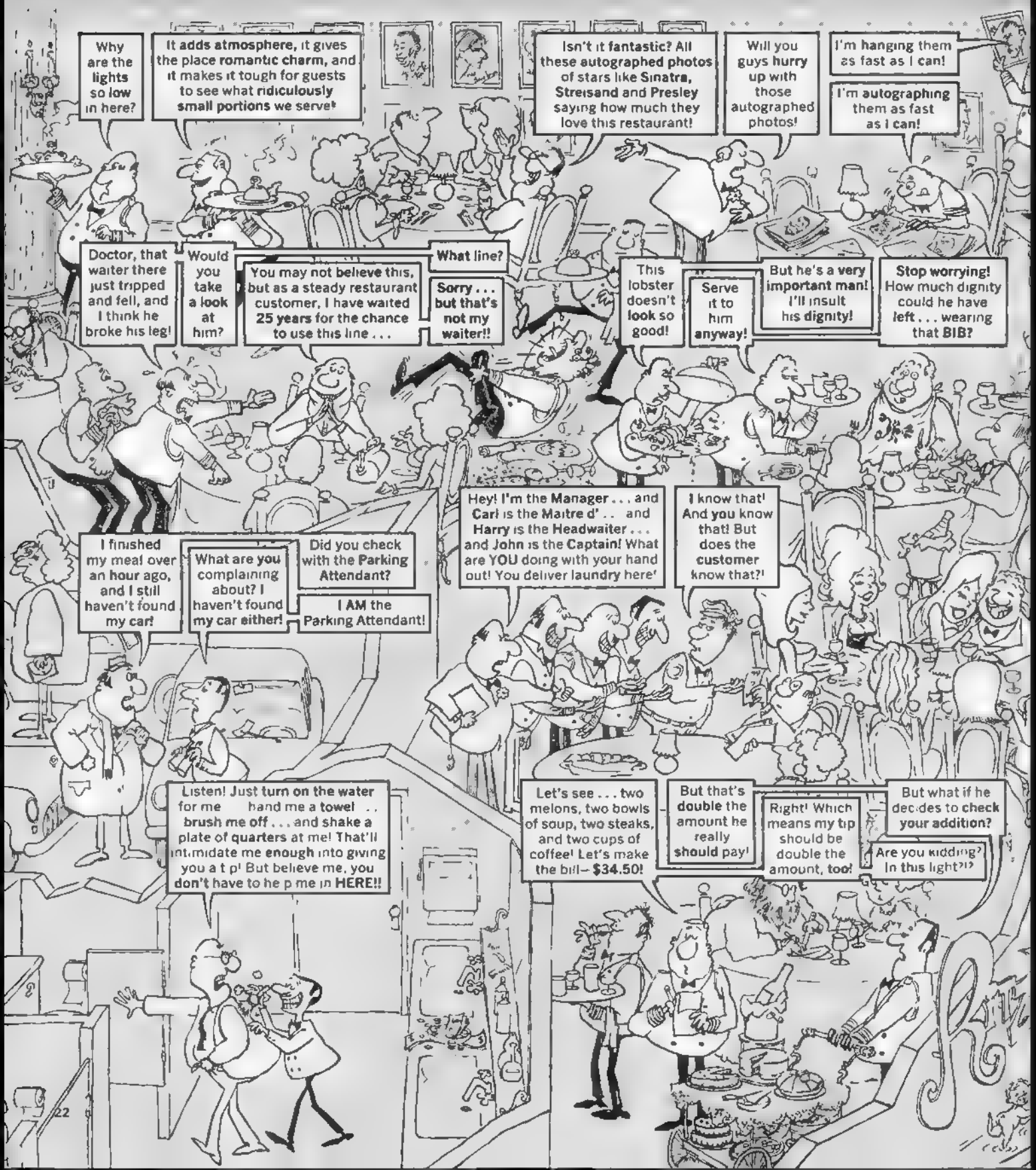


The so-called "Magic Blackboard" is actually held up by a "phony plastic hand", leaving your real hand free to write on the back of the slate with "Magic Bleed-Through Chalk". Remember that one of the big problems you have is learning to write backwards on the blackboard so the answer will "bleed through" correctly. As for the other big problem . . . mainly, finding a piece of "Magic Bleed-Through Chalk" . . . well, we can't solve all your problems!

Okay, gang, here we go again with another visit behind the scenes of an American institution

A MAD PEEK BEHIND

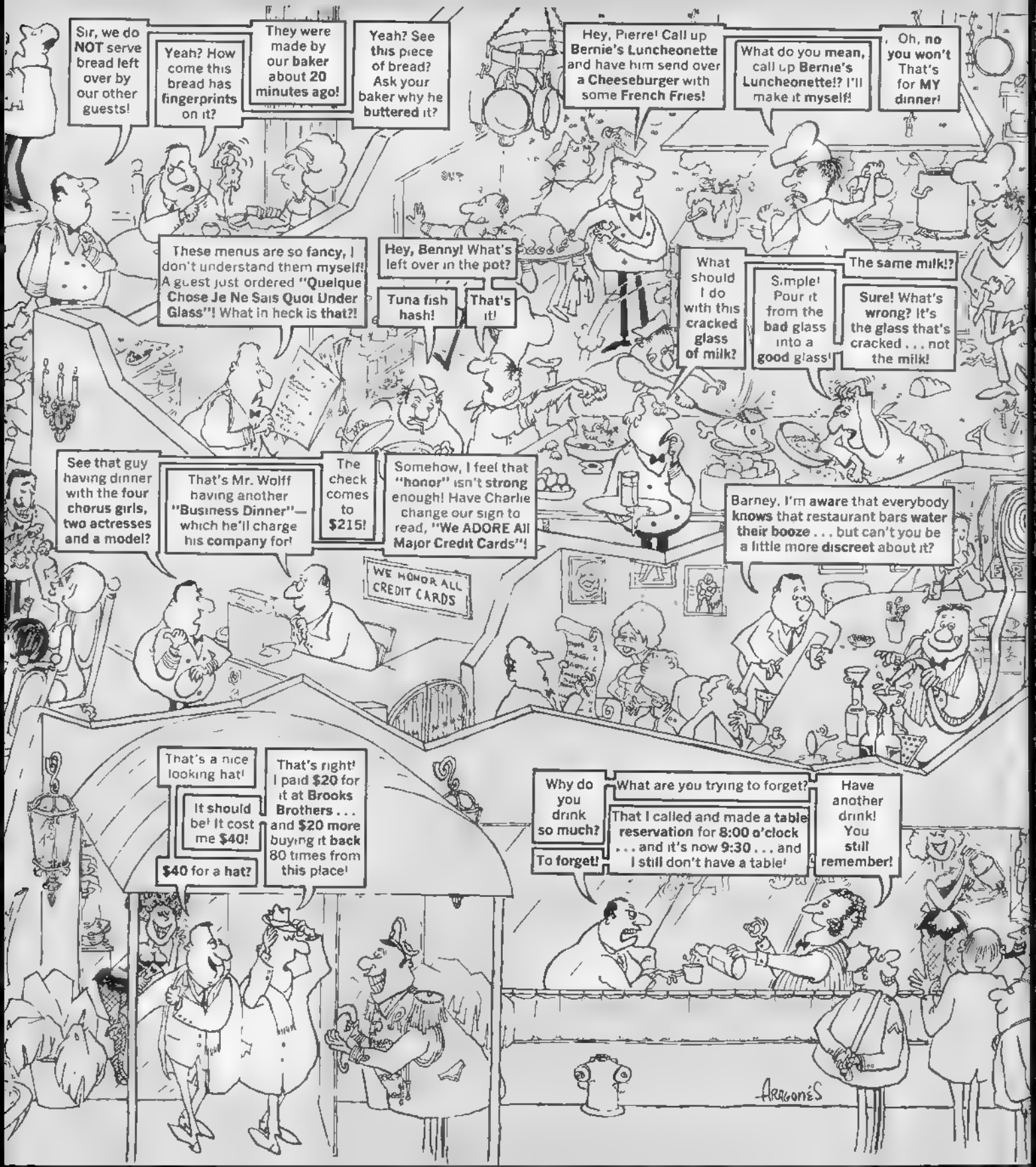
ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES



to discover what new and inventive ways we the people are being shafted. Won't you join us for

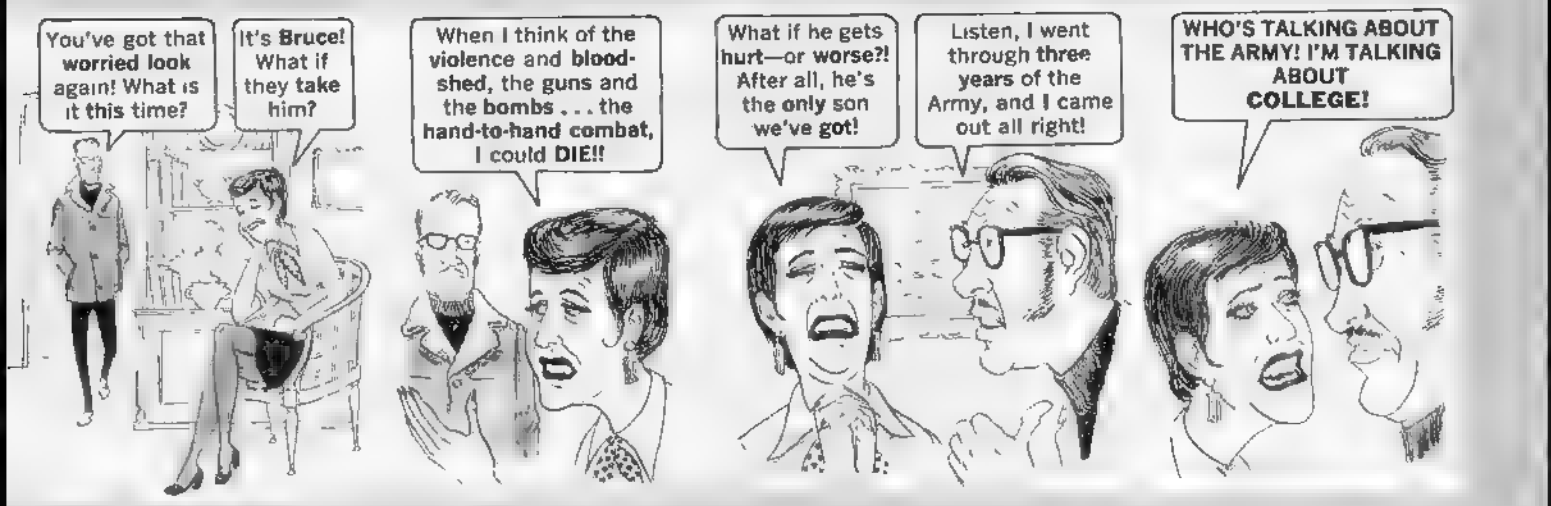
THE SCENES At A Fancy Restaurant

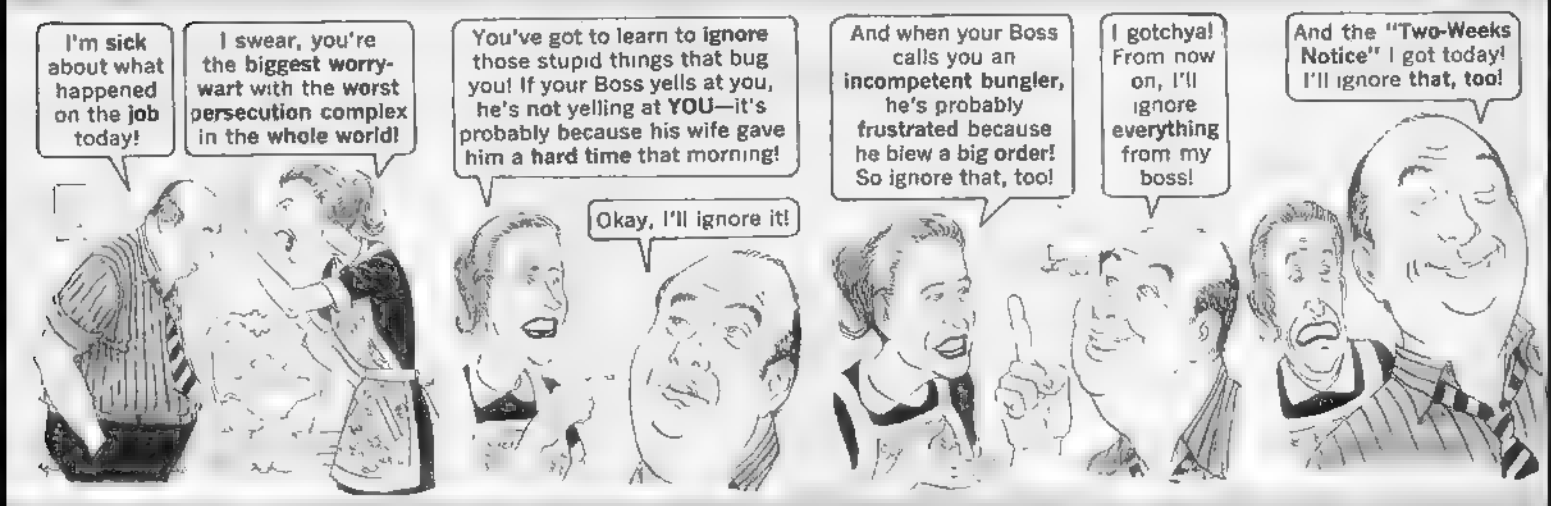
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

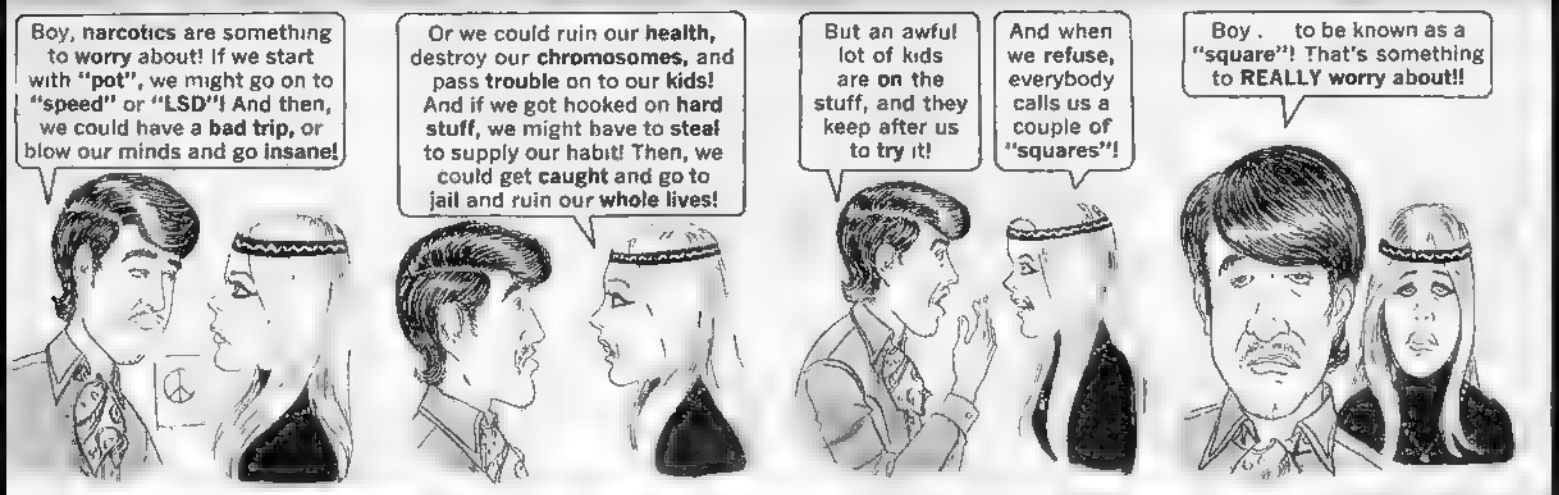
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... WO





RRY

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG



Where's Milton?
He went to see the movie at the Bijou!
But that's a sex picture with an "X" rating! No one under 16 is allowed in! They keep the young people out so they won't get any crazy ideas about sex!
But Milton is NOT under 16! He's FORTY and your Husband!
I know! That's what worries me!
I don't want HIM to get any crazy ideas about sex!

That wife of mine is a hypochondriac! She's always worrying about her health!
That's because she's completely "inner-directed"! She obviously thinks only of herself!
The thing to do is to get her to think about someone ELSE for a change! Why not pretend that YOU'RE sick? She'll get so involved in taking care of you, she'll forget about herself!
What a great idea! I'll do it!
Honey, I'm not feeling too well! I've got the shakes, and I break out in a cold sweat, and I'm sick to my stomach!
My poor darling! I know just what to do . . .
I'M NOT GOING NEAR YOU!!

Er—uh—c'mon, Walt! Take it easy! Something could happen!
Stop worrying! The worst that can happen is we get killed!
ROAR
BUMP
I mean it, Walt! No kiddin'! I'm really scared! So cool it!
There's nothing to be scared about! What's a little fatal accident?!
SCREECH
Wow! That was some wild ride!!
HEY!! Don't put your hands on the hood, you dumb-dumb!!
You're liable to scratch the paint job!!

No, you don't! You're not going out on the street with the hem of your skirt where your neckline should be!
Mother, that PRUDE you married is giving me a hard time!
Sam, I think you're being a little too puritanical! It's really not that bad!
See?! Even Mother says you're wrong!
I don't care WHAT she says! She never saw how dirty old men leer at girls who are dressed like that!
Oh, yeah! How would YOU know!?
Because I'm one of them!

Look at the time! My date will be here any minute and I'm not even dressed yet!
What's the matter with the dress you're wearing?! It's lovely, and very expensive!
I'd—I'd die if my date saw me dressed like this! He comes from a very wealthy family! He goes to a top Ivy League college! I'm worried about making a good impression!
Oh, Mother—I don't know why I'm even bothering to explain! You just wouldn't understand!
She's right! I wouldn't!!
I'm worried about you! You've gained an awful lot of weight!
I know! I'm worried about it, too!
Being overweight can shorten your life—give you a heart attack—cause a lot of other illnesses!
I know, I know! It's got me plenty worried!
So?! If you're THAT worried about it, why don't you lose weight!
It's just impossible!
When I worry, I EAT a lot!
Oh, Daddy, please answer the phone . . . and if it's Richard, tell him I'm not home!
Are you asking me to lie? After all, I have my reputation to worry about!
RING
Gee, Daddy! No one will ever know! It's just a little white lie! I'll be listening on the extension! Please?
Hello, Mr. McGilla! This is Richard! Is Nancy at home?
Er . . . uh . . . No, she's not!
Gee, that's too bad! I wanted to ask her to go to the movies with me! I guess I'll ask Ginny instead!
GINNY?!? I'm HOME! I'M HOME!
Hi, Nancy! I thought . . . Why did your Father say you weren't home?
Oh, don't listen to him! He's such a liar!
What can I do, Mother? I'm beginning to show my age! I'm getting gray hair and wrinkles! Men don't compliment me any more!
Simple! Just LIE about your age!
But telling people I'm younger than I really am won't get me any compliments!
Who said anything about YOUNGER?!
Tell everybody you're OLDER than you are!
OLDER?!? What good will THAT do?
Then everybody will compliment you on how WONDERFUL you look for your age!

I'm scared stiff to bring this Report Card home! My Mother is gonna have a fit!

Gee, did you do THAT badly? Le'see—

Hey! You're crazy!! You've got FANTASTIC marks! This report card must be the best one in your class!

No, it's not! Craig Liffland's report card is a LITTLE BETTER than mine!

So it's a LITTLE better than yours!! Why are you afraid to show this card to your Mother?

Because CRAIG's Mother and MY Mother are best friends!

Hey! What's eating you, buddy-boy?

I've got money worries!

Who hasn't!? It's supposed to be good times! But with inflation, how far does money go? You make good money and it fools you! All that happens is: The more you make, the more in debt you get!

Boy, thanks for telling me! Now, scram! Who needs your gloom and doom!

It's that bad, eh?

Yeah! I just got another raise!!

You kids worry me! Don't you have anything better to do than sit around and listen to that awful music? When I was your age, I was out making MONEY!!

That was the trouble with your generation! The only thing you thought about was money! Your heroes were the Millionaires!

Well, we're not concerned with the materialistic approach to life! Our music speaks for us! You probably never heard of our heroes: The Beatles, Simon and Garfunkel, The Rolling Stones—

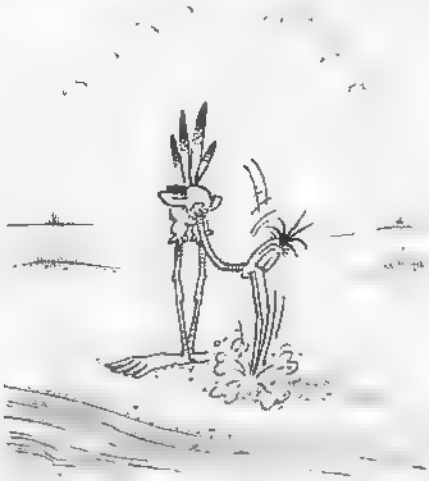
Sure I have! They're all MILLIONAIRES!!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

A MAD "MINUTE NATURE STUDY"

This is the Long-Legged Fonebone Bird . . . the most unusual and certainly the most *intelligent* bird ever to be found along the Southeast coast of the U.S.

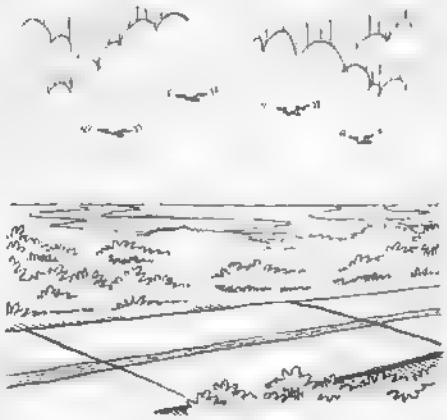
The Fonebone Bird is, as you all know, a species of Shore Bird which digs for its food in the sand along the water's edge, picking up small fleas and grubs.



Occasionally, in its past, the Fonebone Bird would come up with a hard-shelled clam, and seemed to know instinctively that a delicious treat rested inside.

But as hard as it would try, the Fonebone Bird could never open these clams.

It was in 1928 that the Fonebone Bird's uncanny intelligence became apparent! Just three days after the new concrete highway was built, Fonebone Birds were seen flying across the marshes with the hard-shelled clams in their beaks . . .



. . . and dropping them on the new highway! They seemed to *know* that by dropping the clams on the hard pavement from high up in the air, the shells would crack wide open—

—and they could then swoop down and dine leisurely on the tender morsels that had rested inside!

Which is why the Fonebone Bird is fast becoming EXTINCT along the Southeast Coast of the U.S.!

BODY-IN-SOLE DEPT.

A MAD Look A

ARTIST. BOB CLARKE

t FOOTPRINTS

WRITER: DEAN NORMAN

TUNES OF GORY DEPT.

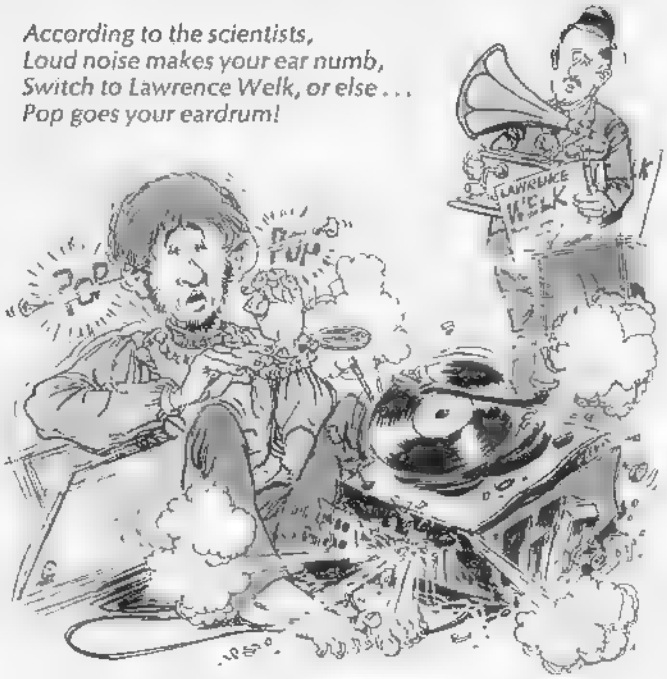
Some years ago (MAD #92) we presented a piece which showed how hopelessly outdated Safety Songs for Children were. Namely, there were many more threats to life and limb than standard stuff like matches, poison ivy, and iodine in medicine cabinets. To mention a few,

MORE UP-TO-DATE HEALTH & SAFETY

POP GOES YOUR EARDRUM *(to the tune of "Pop Goes The Weasel")*

Around and round the stereo spins,
The decibels are fearsome,
Your "Hair" LP is much too loud,
Pop goes your eardrum!

According to the scientists,
Loud noise makes your ear numb,
Switch to Lawrence Welk, or else . . .
Pop goes your eardrum!



TRIPS'LL HURT YOU *(to the tune of "Skip To My Lou")*

You want kicks, so what do you do?
You go sniff some airplane glue,
You take off like a DC-2!
Trips'll hurt you, my darling.

Trips, trips, trips'll hurt you,
Trips, trips, trips'll hurt you,
Trips, trips, trips'll hurt you,
Trips'll hurt you my darling.

You get tired of sniffing glue,
You take pot and acid too,
Soon the fuzz come after you!
Trips'll hurt you, my darling

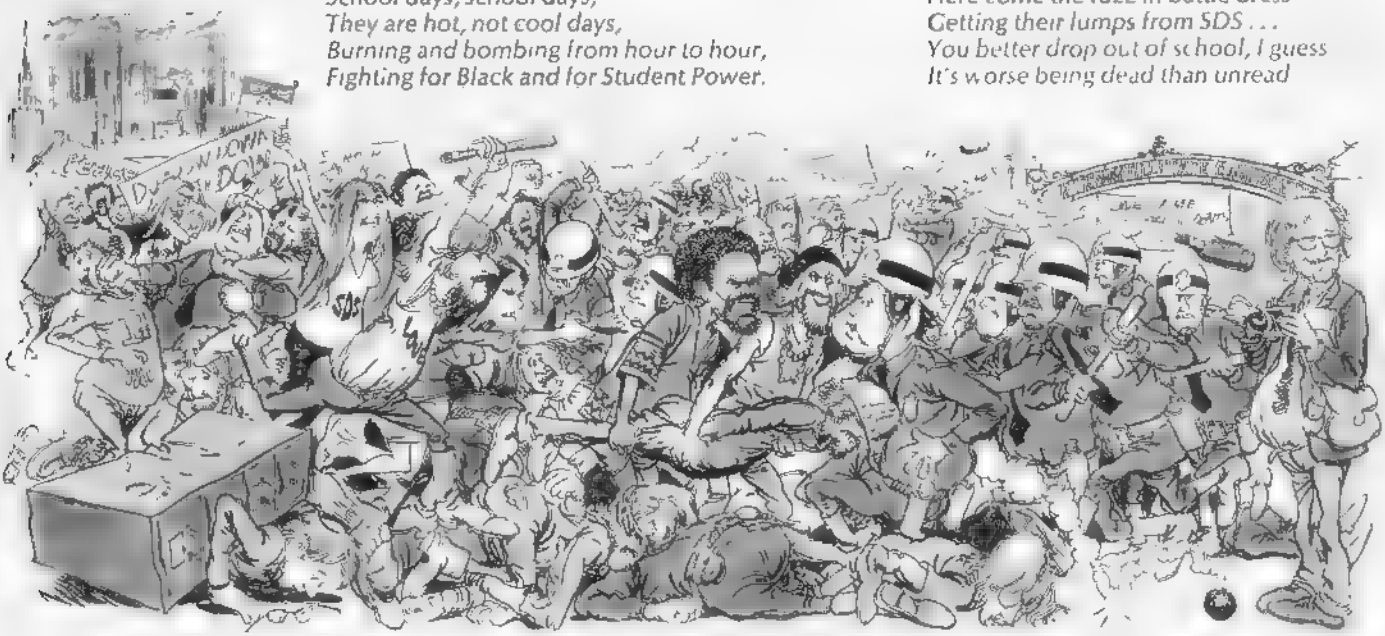
H-bombs, plastic bags, air pollution. Well, as we all know, over the past five years life has gotten even rougher. And so we now present:

SONGS for CHILDREN

SCHOOL DAYS *(to the tune of "Guess What Song!")*

School days, school days,
They are hot, not cool days,
Burning and bombing from hour to hour,
Fighting for Black and for Student Power.

Here come the fuzz in battle dress
Getting their lumps from SDS . . .
You better drop out of school, I guess
It's worse being dead than unread



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Trips, trips, trips'll hurt you,
Trips, trips, trips'll hurt you,
Trips, trips, trips'll hurt you,
Trips'll hurt you, my darling.

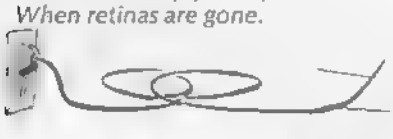
Why not do what your parents do?
Their example's set for you:
They drink scotch and bourbon too,
And Schlitz's brew, my darling!

Booze, booze, can it hurt you?
There's no "warning" sign in view!
V.I.P.'s all belt a few!
Booze ain't taboo, my darling!

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE LIVING ROOM *(to the tune of "The Battle Hymn Of The Republic")*

Your eyes are on the story on your color RCA,
You are seated in a chair, alas, that's just five feet away,
Which means your eyes are both exposed to radiation's ray . . .
Your corneas are gone.
Glory, glory, glor'ious color
Glory, glory, glor'ious color
The color's starting to get duller,
Your corneas are gone.

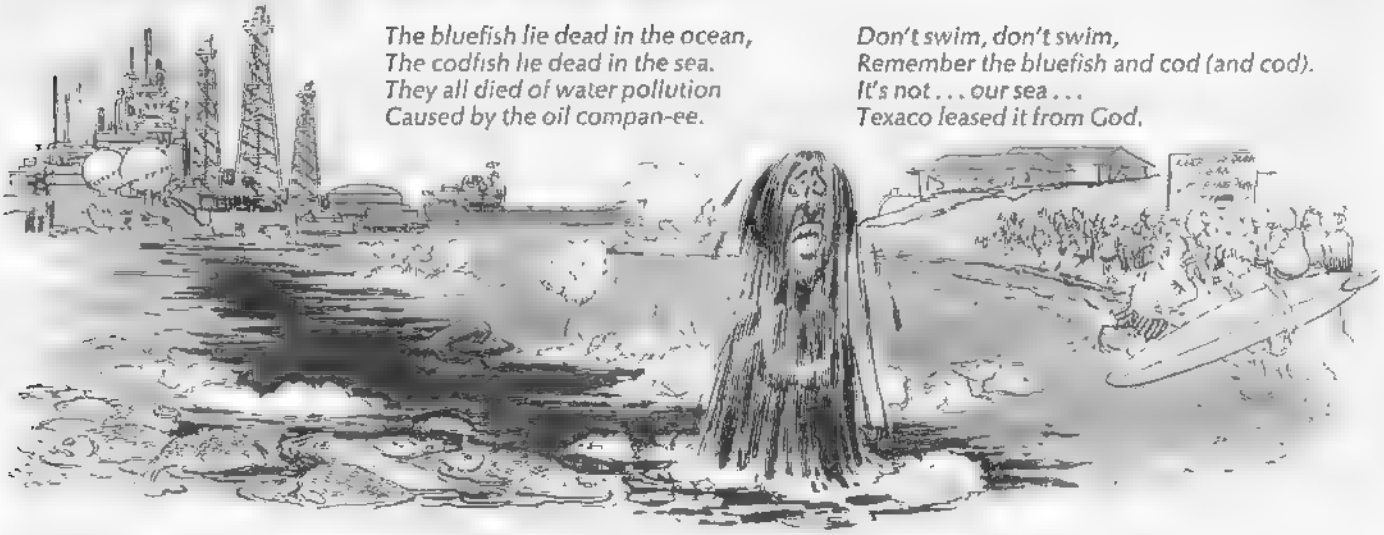
You started watching Disney without taking time to sup,
And then you switched to Lassie, but you had to give it up,
Who needs a dog on TV; what you need's a dog and cup,
Your retinas are gone.
Glory, glory, how they fool ya,
Radiation's quite peculiar,
It's hard to keep your eyes on "Julia,"
When retinas are gone.



THE BLUEFISH LIE DEAD IN THE OCEAN *(to the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean")*

The bluefish lie dead in the ocean,
The codfish lie dead in the sea.
They all died of water pollution
Caused by the oil compan-ee.

Don't swim, don't swim,
Remember the bluefish and cod (and cod).
It's not . . . our sea . . .
Texaco leased it from God.



YOU'VE BEEN GETTING QUITE A MAIL-LOAD *(to the tune of "I've Been Working On The Railroad")*

You've been getting quite a mail-load,
Stuff that's pretty raw!
You've been getting quite a mail load,
Like you've never seen before!
Catalogues and advertisements;
Loathsome and sick as they can be;
Of-fering to fill your eyes with
Crass pornography!

Tell your fam-i-ly! Tell your fam-i-ly!
They will know just what to do-oo-oo!
Save morality, tell your family,
They'll protect your mind for you!

Mommy's in the kitchen with Rob-bins,
Daddy's in the bedroom with Play-ay-ay-boy,
Grandpa's in the bathroom since Tuesday . . .
Reading all about Port-noy!

Fee-fi-fiddily-i-ooh,
They will know just what to do-oo-oo!
They'll pro-tect your mind for you . . .
Just as soon as they are through!

HONDA-LUST DEPT.

A few seasons back, there was a pretty good weekly TV show about two guys in a Corvette who drove around the country looking for adventure. And the show was called, "Route 66".

This season, the Network geniuses had an inspiration. So they cut the two guys in half and the Corvette in half and came up with a show that's half as good—about one guy on a motorcycle who drives around the country looking for adventure. Only instead of calling it "Route 33", they call it:

"THEN CAME BOMBSOME"

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Listen . . . have a good trip! Meet lots of interesting people! Enjoy lots of beautiful scenery! And burn up that open road to your next adventure! Boy, I sure wish I was going to cover the territory you're going to cover!

Yeah—well, hang in there!

So much for the open road to my next adventure!

MPH

ONE WAY

95

SAFETY ZONE

NO U TURN

Look who's here! Hi, Bombsome! I'm surprised to see you again!

Because you said you wouldn't be back this way until you drove the whole country over!

Yeah? Why?

Yeah, well I DID that!

Boy, you must be some fast driver! You only left here four hours ago!

Yeah! Well, these are just SOME of my speeding tickets!

Is that all you plan to DO with your life, Bombsome . . . just drive around?!

No, I also want to climb a tree . . . sharpen a pencil . . . and someday, maybe, even throw a pebble in a pond!

Wow! And I thought you were just a drifter!

"Drift as you wish . . . and the soul will follow!"

Oh, Bombsome! That's beautiful! Who said that?

It was either Byron . . . or Annette Funicello!

Yeah! I get those two confused also!

GREASY SPOON 90¢

MENU

I ain't never goin' back to school again, y'hear? I ain't never goin' back!

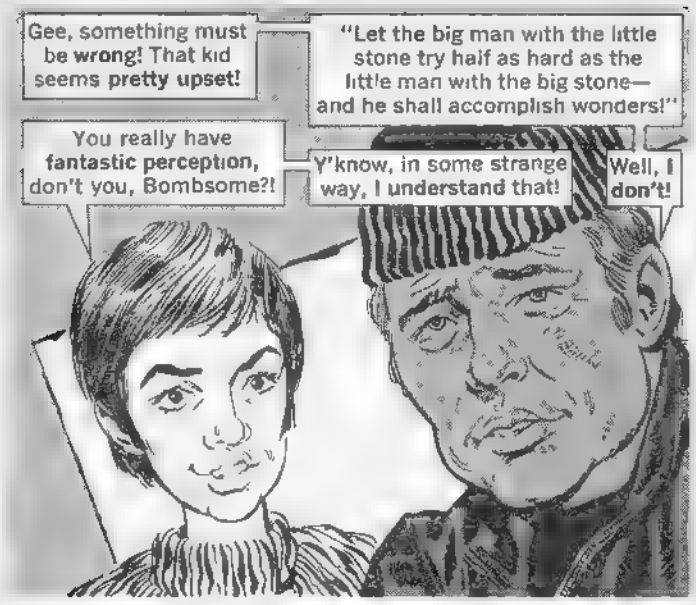
BILLY!!

Billy! Mind your manners! We have company . . .

Don't speak to me! I HATE you!

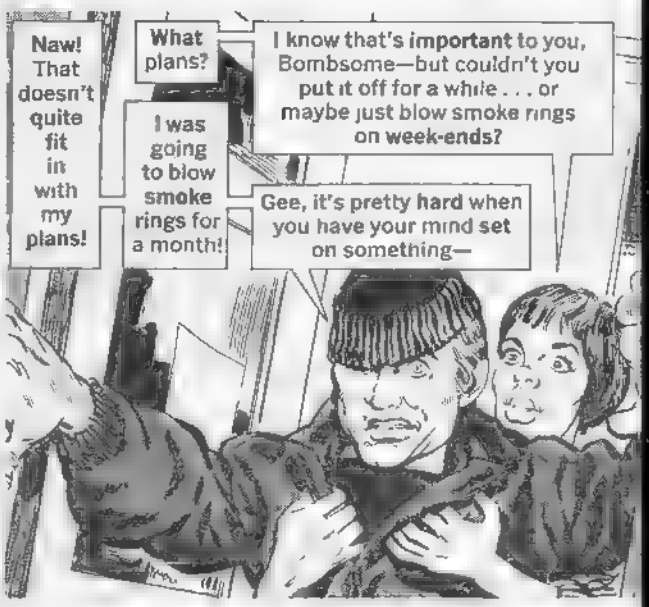
Oh, I'm sorry!

An' I hate YOU, too!


Gee, something must be wrong! That kid seems pretty upset!
"Let the big man with the little stone try half as hard as the little man with the big stone—and he shall accomplish wonders!"
You really have fantastic perception, don't you, Bombsome?!
Y'know, in some strange way, I understand that!
Well, I don't!

Excuse me! I have to put this stuff in the freezer! Mom just made 25 gallons of homemade Clam Chowder, 15 Meat Loaves, and 50 homemade Apple Pies!
Your Mom works hard!
Yeah! And today's her day off!!
What does your Dad do?
Nothing!
Boy, that's terrible!
Why? He's dead!
HIC!

There's ALWAYS an excuse! Fathers are either too busy . . or too dead!
That's why Mom has to work so hard, and Billy is always in trouble! We need a MAN in the house! Bombsome, how would you like to stay here with us?
Okay, but where would we find a man to take care of the four of us?
No, idiot! YOU'LL be the man and take care of the three of US!!


Naw! That doesn't quite fit in with my plans!
What plans?
I was going to blow smoke rings for a month!
I know that's important to you, Bombsome—but couldn't you put it off for a while . . . or maybe just blow smoke rings on week-ends?
Gee, it's pretty hard when you have your mind set on something—

Oh, Bombsome . . .

You were saying something before our lips got in each other's way?
Would you think it strange if I told you that I've fallen in love with you during the past twenty minutes?
Very! It usually only takes TEN minutes!
Please stay just for a few days!
Well, okay! Where's the bed?
The bed?! But I thought you always use a sleeping bag!
I do! The bed's for my bike!

Mom, this is Mr. Bombsome! He'll be staying with us for a while! He's going to be the man of the house . . . I hope!

I'll earn my keep by doing odd jobs around the place!

That should work out quite well, Mr. Handsome!

BOMBsome, Mom—not handsome!

I call 'em the way I see 'em!

Now, Mr. Handsome—If you care to mow the lawn, I'll give you a delicious dinner in return!

B but, you don't HAVE a lawn!

See? Shows you how great you can have it around here if you're nice to me! Dinner will be ready in a little while, Lover!

I'm leaving and don't anybody try and stop me!

Billy, this is Mr. Bombsome! He's going to be staying with us for a while!

Great! Now that you've got a man for yourself, does that mean I get a girl for me?!

Billy!! Do you want Mr. Bombsome to take you out to the toolshed?!

We l—okay. I'll give it a try! But I still think I'd prefer a girl!

Better watch that talk, Billy! A wise person once said, "An evil tongue is merely an evil eye looking out from an evil mind!"

Big deal! I used to listen to Annette Funicello, too!

Maybe, if you had a man-to-man MUMBLE with him, Bombsome—

Hey, would you take me for a ride on your motorcycle, Bombsome?!

I'm sure Mr. Bombsome would take you for a ride, Billy . . . if he could sing you one of his songs about life!

How come there's always a catch to everything?!!

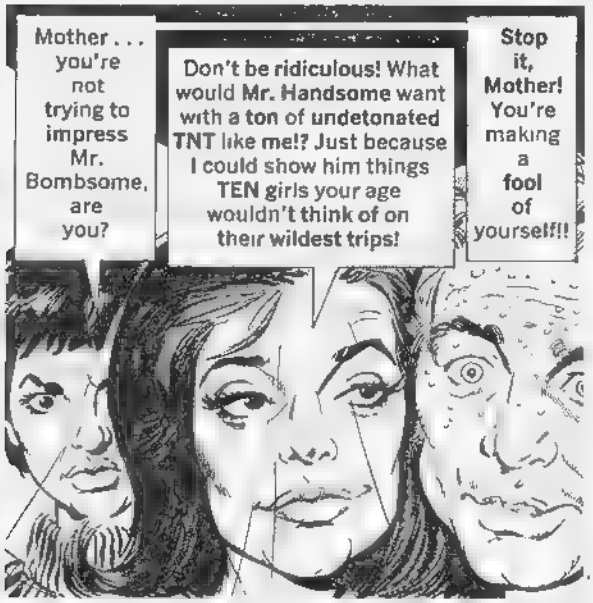
Life is like an accordion,
You only get out what you squeeze!
Life is not all that Freudian,
It's the ragweed that makes you sneeze!

Life is much like an oboe
You need lots of wind to get through
And that's why I live like a hobo
The Establishment can go

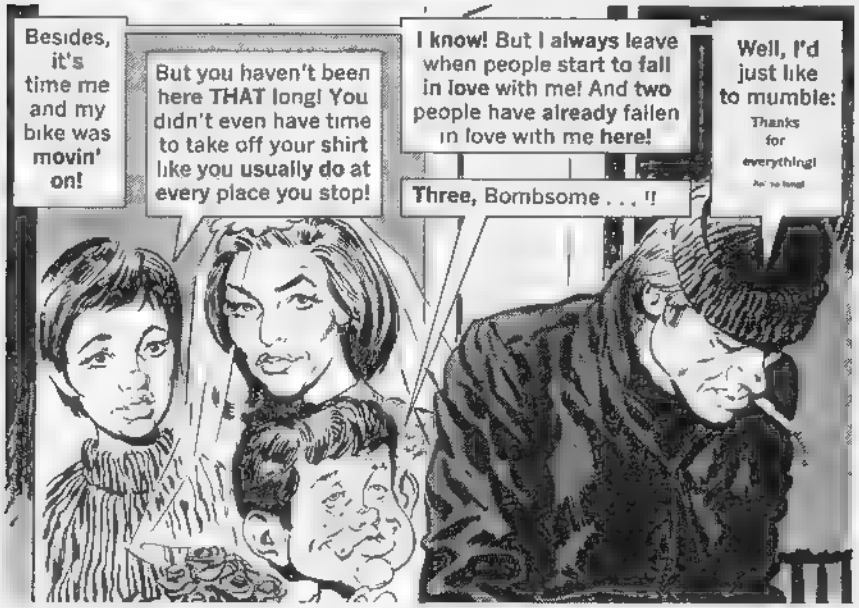
HONK HONK!

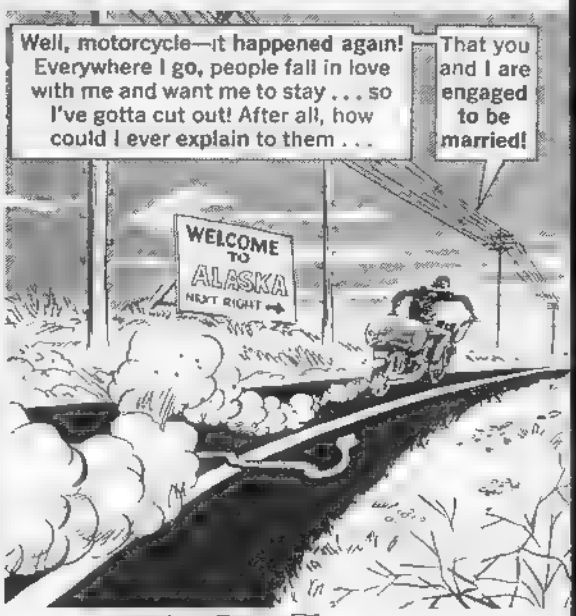
Oh? Back already? Well, did you enjoy your ride, Billy?
Oh, yes, Ma'am! It was lovely, thank you!
My goodness, what fine manners you suddenly have! That must have been some song Bombsome sang!
It was awful, and his voice was worse! But he promised he'd never sing to me again if I behaved myself properly!

Oh, excuse me, Mr. Handsome! I didn't realize you were here!
Mother!! What are you doing in that dress?!
Why are you so shocked?! I've worn this dress before . . . once!
Besides, what's wrong with "sprucing up" in the evening?!


Mother . . . you're not trying to impress Mr. Bombsome, are you?
Don't be ridiculous! What would Mr. Handsome want with a ton of undetonated TNT like me!? Just because I could show him things TEN girls your age wouldn't think of on their wildest trips!
Stop it, Mother! You're making a fool of yourself!!

It's worth it! Listen, Honey, why don't you drive into town and have dinner!
We own a Diner . . and you want me to eat out?! I've got a better idea! Why don't you and Billy drive into town and eat . . . and leave Bombsome and ME alone!?
Because he'd take advantage of you!
No, I wouldn't!
You wouldn't?! Well, I've met some weird and strange loners before . . . but you—you're CRAZY!!


Besides, it's time me and my bike was movin' on!
But you haven't been here THAT long! You didn't even have time to take off your shirt like you usually do at every place you stop!
I know! But I always leave when people start to fall in love with me! And two people have already fallen in love with me here!
Three, Bombsome . . . !!
Well, I'd just like to mumble: Thanks for everything!


Well, motorcycle—it happened again! Everywhere I go, people fall in love with me and want me to stay . . . so I've gotta cut out! After all, how could I ever explain to them . . .
That you and I are engaged to be married!
WELCOME TO ALASKA
NEXT RIGHT

COMES THE YAWN DEPT.

You Know You're REA

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .

. . . you're at the beach, and your date buries himself in the sand . . . completely.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .

. . . a letter you wrote home to your Mother is returned unopened with the notation: "Nobody here by that name!" . . . and the notation is in your Mother's handwriting.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .

. . obscene phone-callers hang up on *you*.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .

. . . you're in Confession, and your Priest interrupts you to ask, "What's a 3-letter word for a European Blackbird?"

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .

. . . people at parties always seem to mistake you for a hypnotist.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .

. . . even the Avon Lady won't call on you.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .

. . . your psychiatrist has "Let's Make A Deal" on his TV set during your sessions.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .

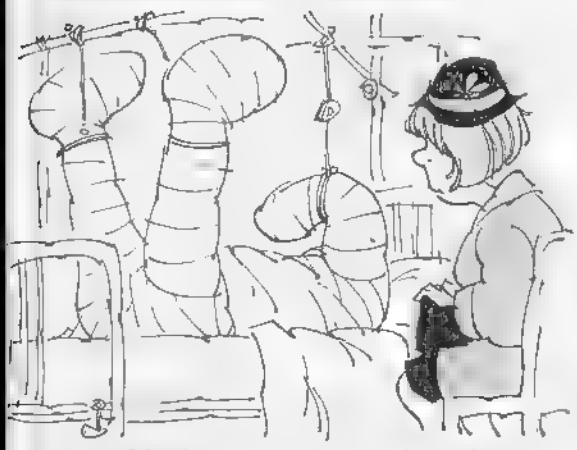
. . . you overhear the F.B.I. man who's tapping your phone humming to himself.

LLY A BORE When...

ARTIST:
PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER:
STAN HART

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .



. . . your friend cuts your visit short by saying, "I've got a million things to do!" . . . and he's in traction.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .

. . . your dentist makes you keep the cotton swabs in your mouth until you're out of his office.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .

. . . your guests *ask* to see your home movies.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .

. . . your teacher thanks you for answering a question before you finish answering it.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .

. . . the barber puts a hot towel over your face, and you're only getting a haircut.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .

. . . a girl breaks a date with you in order to go to a Montreal Expos-San Diego Padres double-header.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .

. . . the little old lady you've helped half-way across the street runs the rest of the way herself.

You Know You're REALLY A BORE When . . .

. . . your whole life suddenly flashes before your eyes, and it doesn't even hold your interest.

ASK A STUPID QUESTION DEPT.

The typical American college campus hasn't exactly been functioning like a well oiled machine lately. And once matters are studied objectively (meaning without regard to facts or logic), the reason for all the turmoil becomes obvious: Our universities are filled with misfits because they still rely on the same old out-dated entrance exams

MAD'S MODERNIZED COI

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Check the answer to each question which you believe to be correct. If you feel that this arrangement constitutes unfair discrimination against incorrect answers, you are cordially invited to vandalize the Student Union Building in reprisal.
2. Pay no attention to the fact that some answers are worth more points than others. We hire recent drop-outs to grade these examinations, and they are incapable of adding up the scores correctly anyway.
3. Please answer all questions as truthfully as your devious mind will permit. Let it all hang out, Baby! Remember, those who flunk will merely be denied admission to the University, thereby freeing them to pursue campus careers as outside agitators.
4. This examination is designed to test all of your qualifications for acceptance at the University. Therefore, please take as much time as necessary to scribble profane slogans in the wide margins which have been provided for that purpose.
5. After you have answered all questions to the best of your ability, feel free to bend, staple and multilate this exam paper.
6. To encourage you in the above mentioned act of defiance:

DO NOT BEND, STAPLE OR MUTILATE THIS EXAM PAPER!

PART I—PERSONAL QUALIFICATIONS

1. Which of the following racial classifications do you feel describes you most adequately?

☐ **A.** White, but wracked with guilt about it. (*1 point*)
☐ **B.** American Indian, Eurasian or Australian Bushman, but striving to become more oppressed by passing for Jewish. (*3 points*)
☐ **C.** Negro, but prepared to belt anybody who doesn't refer to me as a Congolese-American. (*10 points*)
☐ **D.** None of the above, and enraged because my group isn't getting a fair shake, whoever we turn out to be. (*25 points*)

2. Which of the following religious denominations do you identify with most closely?

☐ **A.** Any recognized, legitimate church in the world. (*No points*)
☐ **B.** The Non-Denominational Self-Indulgence Fellowship and all the teachings of its Guru, especially the part about worshipping wax fruit. (*5 points*)
☐ **C.** A sect I founded myself, but which I'm keeping quiet about until after the world comes to an end next Tuesday. (*15 points*)
☐ **D.** Any of the above just so it relies on a big weapons arsenal to win converts to the cause of non-violence. (*25 points*)

3. Which of the following political doctrines do you espouse as a result of your ethnic background?

☐ **A.** Eskimo Power (*3 points*)
☐ **B.** Full democracy, but with voting privileges restricted to Orthodox Albanian Gipsies. (*10 points*)
☐ **C.** Federal Technocracy with profits to be used for shipping white people back to Poland where they came from. (*10 points*)
☐ **D.** Total anarchy with me in charge of it. (*20 points*)

4. Choose the statement below that best describes your typical mental and emotional state.

☐ **A.** I have a lot of anxiety about world affairs and would like to help improve things. (*No points*)
☐ **B.** I have a lot of anxiety about everything, but I always feel better after I've formed a committee and sent it out to present my non-negotiable demands. (*5 points*)
☐ **C.** I worry a lot because I know that all cops are paranoid and that they're out to get me. (*7½ points*)
☐ **D.** I have power to move the masses much as Che and Malcolm X did, and I often wonder if they were bed-wetters, too. (*Deduct 5 points*)

PART II—PHYSICAL ABILITY

1. If called upon to participate in a protest march to the Mexican border on behalf of striking grape pickers, how far do you think you could walk?

☐ **A.** As far as there were crossing guards to help me across the streets. (*No points*)
☐ **B.** All the way to Minneapolis because I am very strong, but have a terrible sense of direction. (*1 point*)
☐ **C.** Walk?! Forget it. My specialty is lie-ins. (*5 points*)
☐ **D.** As far as the blonde in the mini-skirt walking ahead of me decides to go. (*10 points*)

2. In rock throwing demonstrations, which of the following statements best describes your degree of proficiency?

☐ **A.** I'm not sure because the rocks I throw always seem to hit my fellow demonstrators in the head before they reach the target. (*No points*)
☐ **B.** Just fair. I can only hit fat National Guardsmen. (*3 points*)
☐ **C.** I frequently go in for the three-cushion hurl in which I back-spin the rock off a library window with reverse English causing it to clobber the dean of students on its downward arc and carom off into a clutch of recruiters from Dow Chemical. (*25 points*)
☐ **D.** I never pick up rocks big enough to throw because sometimes there are squiggly bugs underneath them. (*Deduct 3½ points*)

to pick applicants. Naturally, these exams fail to weed out the bookworms and drudges in an era when the real qualifications for campus leadership are a loud voice, unbounded hostility and the will to impose minority views on everybody else. We think it's high time colleges cleared out the deadwood and admitted students on the basis of . . .

LEGE ENTRANCE EXAM

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE • • • WRITER: TOM KOCH

3. Judging from past tests of your physical endurance, how do you think you would feel after the third day of a campus sit-in demonstration?

☐ **A.** I think I would have to go to the bathroom too bad to know how I felt. (*No points*)
☐ **B.** The same as usual. Due to a combination of acne, bad breath and bushy nose hair, I have been sitting-in at home since 1964 anyway. (*5 points*)
☐ **C.** Better than I felt after a recent like-in in front ot a troop train that refused to stop. (*10 points*)
☐ **D.** Just great! I recently went into sit-in training by attending a double feature of "Gone With The Wind" and "Doctor Zhivago" and recovered completely after less than a week of intensive care. (*25 points*)

4. If those sneaky Navy recruiters on campus ever conned you into signing up, do you think you could pass the physical?

☐ **A.** No, because picketing those sneaky Navy recruiters on campus has given me a terrible case of flat feet. (*5 points*)
☐ **B.** No, because I took a swing at a Navy recruiter during a recent demonstration, and he responded by permanently dislocating my entire body. (*10 points*)
☐ **C.** No, because I'm so weak and puny that I may even have trouble sprinting to the Canadian border when my draft notice comes. (*10 points*)
☐ **D.** No, because I doubt if the Navy would take a man who sports an Afro haircut, wears a dashiki and carries a purse. (*20 points*)

PART III—PROFANE VOCABULARY & OVERWORKED CLICHES

(NOTE: Point scores are not allocated in this English composition section because we don't want the campus cluttered up with eggheads and, therefore, the mere ability to read the questions will count against you.)

1. In talking dirty, which of the following vulgarisms is most likely to get you thrown out of the Filthy Speech Movement?

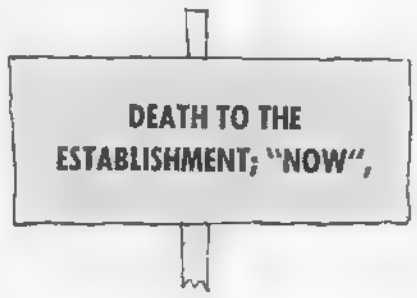
☐ **A.** Mercy, no! We won't go!
☐ **B.** A pox upon thee, Whitey!
☐ **C.** Ronald Reagan is one peach of a swell fascist.
☐ **D.** All cops are murdering, sadistic pigs, and some are even overly zealous naughty-naughties.

2. Which of the following responses is most appropriate when you are requested to stop burning down the library?

☐ **A.** "You racist reactionaries are all alike."
☐ **B.** "You said the same thing when we went into Viet Nam."
☐ **C.** "Your fat cat bosses who've never done stoop labor would like that, wouldn't they?"
☐ **D.** Any of the above, just so it doesn't interfere with burning down the library.

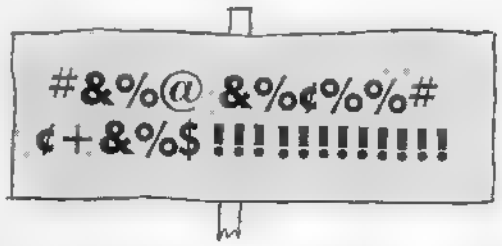
3. Which of these demonstration placards do you consider incorrectly punctuated?

☐ **A.**



☐ **B.**

☐ **C.**



☐ **D.**

4. Getting "up tight" is synonymous with:

☐ **A.** Becoming intoxicated on an airplane.
☐ **B.** Climbing Mount Everest in a girdle.
☐ **C.** Tail-gating at 90 M.P.H.
☐ **D.** I don't care. Answering dumb questions like this gets me up tight.

PART IV—SEMI-ACADEMIC STUFF

(NOTE: Naturally, the completion of this section is optional since the New Society, due to be formed momentarily, will replace factual knowledge accumulation with emphasis on more important things, such as gut feelings, self-realization and meaningful mind blowing. However, applicants who already have wasted 12 years in school may wish to stumble through the following questions as a means of demonstrating how our public educational system has failed them.)

1. Which of the following geometric diagrams constitutes a pentagon?

☐ **A.**

☐ **B.** ★★★★★

☐ **C.**

☐ **D.** $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $

2. By 1980, the total population of the United States will be:

☐ **A.** At least several hundred.
☐ **B.** All fighting in Viet Nam and still losing.
☐ **C.** All black unless you honkies shape up fast.
☐ **D.** Young enough, on the average, so that it won't be safe to trust anybody over 15.

3. President Nixon's proposed budget for the next fiscal year amounts to:

☐ **A.** A hill of beans compared to what we need to move all the ghettos to the suburbs and replace our decaying cities with cooperatively owned flower beds.
☐ **B.** Another sell-out to the reactionary zinc mining lobby.
☐ **C.** More than I'll probably make in a lifetime off my beautiful psychedelic beadwork.
☐ **D.** Who is President Nixon?

4. Apply formal logic to the following proposition: All numbers between 1 and 10 are either odd or even. Half of the numbers are odd. Therefore:

☐ **A.** My parents don't even try to understand me.
☐ **B.** You've got to be born black to know how it feels.
☐ **C.** Nothing is worth fixing because the whole system is rotten.
☐ **D.** Chairman Mao's theory remains fundamentally sound.

Some day, all of you readers are going to be over 30. In fact, if you play your cards right, you may even reach 35! At that point, you may want to take a hard look at your future. For one thing, you'll be past draft age, so you may want to think about *graduating* from college already. Also, since chances are you'll be putting on weight, you may want to think about shaving and cutting your hair. Face it, when was the last time you saw a fat hippie? And finally, it may not make sense to continue running away from home and bumming around. It could have a bad effect on your kids. So, much as we hate to say it, you may have to get a job. Have you ever thought about becoming President of the United States? Now, don't knock it! It is not as bad as it sounds! True, you may not make as much as, say, a Rock Singer or a Union Plumber makes, but the pay isn't too bad, and it's pleasant work. To help you decide, we've gone to extraordinary lengths to supply you with advice from one of the few men in the country who really knows all about the job. He has graciously agreed to speak to you through . . .

THE RICHARD M. NIXON PRESIDENTIAL PRIMER

By Richard M. Nixon

As Told To LARRY SIEGEL

PHOTO RESEARCH: MAX BRANDEL PHOTOS BY U.P.I. & WIDE WORLD

Hi, there, boys and girls.
I am your President.
How would you like to be President some day?
Perhaps I can help you.
I like to help youngsters.
I was a youngster once myself,
Make no mistake about it,
I was a very unusual child.
You can tell by my baby pictures.
I'll bet you've never seen a 3-month old baby before
Posing on a bear skin rug
Wearing a suit and tie!
But enough sentimentality.
Here are a few things you should know:

To become President, you must have special qualities.
Like warmth . . . and charm.
I believe I have them both.
Look at my fine, warm smile.
Look at my charming twinkling eyes.
I am not only a good President,
But I am also a fine, warm, charming human being.
I believe in lasting friendships.
Once someone becomes a friend of mine,
They become my friend for life.
Some people find this hard to believe,
But I will prove it . . .
As soon as I make my first friend.

A President must be a great leader.
He must be forceful.
He must be dynamic.
He must speak for the people.
Whenever I speak,
I don't just speak for myself.
I speak for you millions of Americans out there.
You millions of Americans who believe in me.
You millions of bankers,
And you millions of businessmen,
And you millions of industrialists,
And both of you Negroes.

To be a good President, you must be sincere.
One reason for my success is that I have sincerity.
Look at my face.
Don't you see sincerity written all over it?
I sincerely believe in Integration.
But I also sincerely believe that Segregationists
Have their rights, too.
On the other hand, I sincerely believe in Equality.
But then again, I sincerely believe that some people
Are more equal than other people.
I call these sincere beliefs my "Convictions".
Where do my "Convictions" come from?
They come from my heart.
They also come from my Opinion Polls.

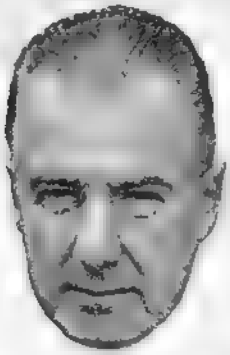
Now, before I go on,
I want to make one thing perfectly clear:
I have had it up to here
With certain people!
People who say I am two different men:
An OLD Nixon . . . and a NEW Nixon!
I am just ONE Nixon!
Just the other day, I said to my wife, Pat,
"Thank God there is only one Nixon!"
And Pat agreed.

This is the ONE Nixon:
I am Trustworthy,
Loyal,
Helpful,
Friendly,
Courteous,
Kind,
Obedient,
Cheerful,
Thrifty,
Brave,
Clean,
And Reverent.
I have just two major ambitions in life:
To be the greatest President who ever lived,
And to make Second Class Scout.

But there are some people who say,
"Yes . . . but what about the OLD Nixon?
You know that OLD Nixon we mean!
You know, you know!
The fiery Commie-baiter!
The screamer!
The mud-slinger!
The character assassin!
The guy with the heavy jowls
And the angry mouth
And the narrow, shifty eyes!
Tricky Dicky!
What about THAT Old Nixon?"
Let me make one thing perfectly clear:
Look at my face . . .
Do I look like THAT Old Nixon?
Wait a minute! Let me repeat the question!

There! NOW look at my face!
Do I look like that Old Nixon?
Make no mistake about it.
I am not that Old Nixon!
I am not a Commie-baiter!
I am not a screamer!
I am not a mud-slinger!
I am not a character assassin!
No! I am NOT that Old Nixon!

And now, I would like you to meet
The Vice President of the United States.



THIS . . . is the **OLD Nixon!!**

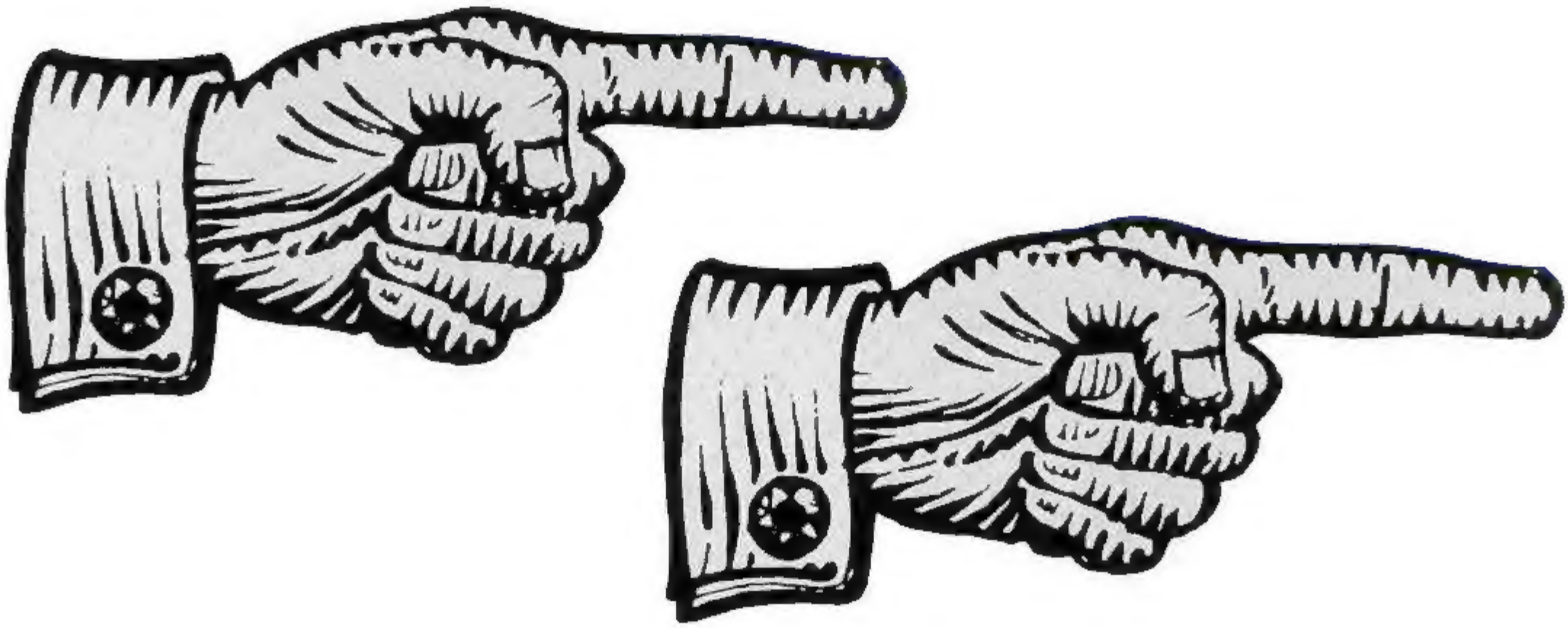
I only hope that if any of you ever become President
You are as lucky as I am.
Lucky to have such a wonderful Vice President.
He is bright
And intelligent
And a powerful speaker.
And . . . he has a fantastic sense of humor!
Have you heard some of his powerful speeches lately?
You should see him at White House parties
With a lampshade on his head!
You should see him at Official Functions
With his funny lapel flower that squirts water!
We are very close.
I always like to shake his hand and tell him how much I . . .
Ooooooooooh! Owwwwww! Ouch!
Oh, Spiro, you incorrigible cut-up!
You really surprised me with that Palm-Buzzer!!

Yes, a good Vice President is very important.
He can say the things you can't say!
And he can do your dirty jobs for you!
And if he ever steps out of line . . .
Like surprising you with an unexpected Palm-Buzzer . . .
You can reason with him.
You can show him the error of his ways.
You can do this with a friendly word in the ear,
Or a warm pat on the shoulder,
Or a hard punch in the mouth!

And now, in closing, I would like to pray.
A President can never pray enough.
I pray for world peace.
I pray that I will do a good job.
I pray that you have listened to me.
I pray that you will follow my advice.
I pray that I don't lose my Vice President to "Laugh-In".
Oh, yes, I have hundreds of prayers.
I have enough prayers to last me for all of 1970
And all of 1971.
But after that, I'm not sure.
The other day, I said to my wife, Pat,
"I don't have a prayer for 1972!"
And Pat agreed.

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHO IS FAST BECOMING OUR ALL-TIME TOP COMIC CHARACTER?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Throughout the years, the United States has produced a fascinating parade of "Comic Characters". Recently, however, a brand new one has burst upon the scene who threatens to eclipse all the rest. To find out which one we're talking about, fold in the page as shown . . .

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

SPINNING HIS WEB OF HUMOR, THE COMIC HERO AGAIN AND AGAIN CHARMS OLD FANS AND NEW

A▶ ◀B

WHO IS FAST BECOMING OUR ALL-TIME TOP COMIC CHARACTER?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

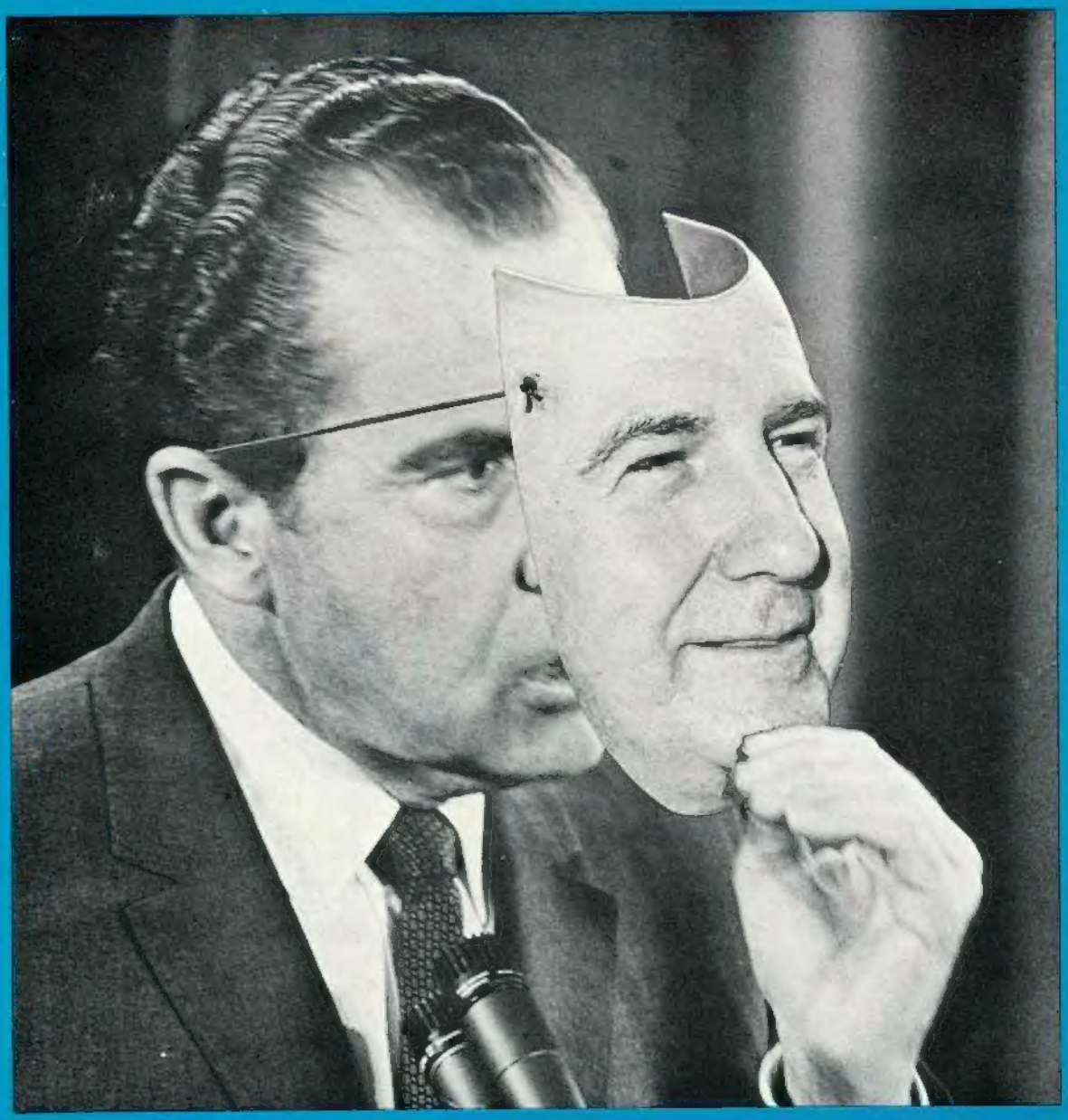
A] ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

SPIRO AGNEW

A▶◀B

THE OFFICIAL MAD PORTRAIT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES



CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL PHOTOS BY U.P.I.